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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XLVII.

MISS STACKPOLE's other topic was very different; she gave Isabel the latest news about Mr. Bantling. He had been out in the United States the year before, and she was happy to say she had been able to show him considerable attention. She didn't know how much he had enjoyed it, but she would undertake to say it had done him good; he wasn't the same man when he left that he was when he came. It had opened his eyes and shown him that England was not everything. He was very much liked over there, and thought extremely simple—more simple than the English were commonly supposed to be. There were some people thought him affected; she didn't know whether they meant that his simplicity was an affectation. Some of his questions were too discouraging; he thought all the chamber-maids were farmers' daughters—or all the farmer's daughters were chamber-maids—she couldn't exactly remember which. He hadn't seemed able to grasp the school-system; it seemed really too much for him. On the whole he had appeared as if there were too much—as if he could only take a small part. The part he had chosen was the hotel system, and the river navigation. He seemed really fasci-

nated with the hotels; he had a photograph of every one he had visited. But the river steamers were his principal interest; he wanted to do nothing but sail on the big boats. They had travelled together from New York to Milwaukee, stopping at the most interesting cities on the route; and whenever they started afresh he had wanted to know if they could go by the steamer. He seemed to have no idea of geography—had an impression that Baltimore was a western city, and was perpetually expecting to arrive at the Mississippi. He appeared never to have heard of any river in America but the Mississippi, and was unprepared to recognise the existence of the Hudson, though he was obliged to confess at last that it was fully equal to the Rhine. They had spent some pleasant hours in the palace-cars; he was always ordering ice-cream from the coloured man. He could never get used to that idea—that you could get ice-cream in the cars. Of course you couldn't, nor fans, nor candy, nor anything, in the English cars! He found the heat quite overwhelming, and she had told him that she expected it was the greatest he had ever experienced. He was now in England, hunting—"hunting round," Henrietta called it. These amusements were those of the American

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Indians; we had left that behind long ago, the pleasures of the chase. It seemed to be generally believed in England that we wore tomahawks and feathers; but such a costume was more in keeping with English habits. Mr. Bantling would not have time to join her in Italy, but when she should go to Paris again he expected to come over. He wanted very much to see Versailles again; he was very fond of the ancient *régime*. They didn't agree about that, but that was what she liked Versailles for, that you could see the ancient *régime* had been swept away. There were no dukes and marquises there now; on the contrary, she remembered one day when there were five American families, all walking round. Mr. Bantling was very anxious that she should take up the subject of England again, and he thought she might get on better with it now; England had changed a good deal within two or three years. He was determined that if she went there he should go to see his sister, Lady Pensil, and that this time the invitation should come to her straight. The mystery of that other one had never been explained.

Caspar Goodwood came at last to the Palazzo Roccanera; he had written Isabel a note beforehand, to ask leave. This was promptly granted; she would be at home at six o'clock that afternoon. She spent the day wondering what he was coming for—what good he expected to get of it. He had presented himself hitherto as a person destitute of the faculty of compromise, who would take what he had asked for or nothing. Isabel's hospitality, however, asked no questions, and she found no great difficulty in appearing happy enough to deceive him. It was her conviction, at least, that she deceived him, and made him say to himself that he had been misinformed. But she also saw, so she believed, that he was not disappointed, as some other men, she was sure, would have been; he had not come to Rome to look for an opportunity. She never found out

what he had come for; he offered her no explanation; there could be none but the very simple one that he wanted to see her. In other words he had come for his amusement. Isabel followed up this induction with a good deal of eagerness, and was delighted to have found a formula that would lay the ghost of this gentleman's ancient grievance. If he had come to Rome for his amusement this was exactly what she wanted; for if he cared for amusement he had got over his heartache. If he had got over his heartache everything was as it should be, and her responsibilities were at an end. It was true that he took his recreation a little stiffly, but he had never been demonstrative, and Isabel had every reason to believe that he was satisfied with what he saw. Henrietta was not in his confidence, though he was in hers, and Isabel consequently received no side-light upon his state of mind. He had little conversation upon general topics; it came back to her that she had said of him once, years before—"Mr. Goodwood speaks a good deal, but he doesn't talk." He spoke a good deal in Rome, but he talked, perhaps, as little as ever; considering, that is, how much there was to talk about. His arrival was not calculated to simplify her relations with her husband, for if Osmond didn't like her friends, Mr. Goodwood had no claim upon his attention save having been one of the first of them. There was nothing for her to say of him but that he was an old friend; this rather meagre synthesis exhausted the facts. She had been obliged to introduce him to Osmond; it was impossible she should not ask him to dinner, to her Thursday evenings, of which she had grown very weary, but to which her husband still held for the sake not so much of inviting people as of not inviting them. To the Thursdays Mr. Goodwood came regularly, solemnly rather early; he appeared to regard them with a good deal of gravity. Isabel every now and then had a moment of anger; there was

something so literal about him; she thought he might know that she didn't know what to do with him. But she couldn't call him stupid; he was not that in the least; he was only extraordinarily honest. To be as honest as that made a man very different from most people; one had to be almost equally honest with him. Isabel made this latter reflection at the very time she was flattering herself that she had persuaded him that she was the most light-hearted of women. He never threw any doubt on this point, never asked her any personal questions. He got on much better with Osmond than had seemed probable. Osmond had a great dislike to being counted upon; in such a case he had an irresistible need of disappointing you. It was in virtue of this principle that he gave himself the entertainment of taking a fancy to a perpendicular Bostonian whom he had been depended upon to treat with coldness. He asked Isabel if Mr. Goodwood also had wanted to marry her, and expressed surprise at her not having accepted him. It would have been an excellent thing, like living under a tall belfry, which would strike all the hours and make a queer vibration in the upper air. He declared he liked to talk with the great Goodwood; it wasn't easy at first, you had to climb by an interminable steep staircase up to the top of the tower; but when you got there you had a big view and felt a little fresh breeze. Osmond, as we know, had delightful qualities, and he gave Caspar Goodwood the benefit of them all. Isabel could see that Mr. Goodwood thought better of her husband than he had ever wished to; he had given her the impression that morning in Florence of being inaccessible to a good impression. Osmond asked him repeatedly to dinner, and Goodwood smoked a cigar with him afterwards, and even desired to be shown his collections. Osmond said to Isabel that he was very original; he was as strong as an English portmanteau. Caspar Goodwood took to riding on the Campagna, and de-

voted much time to this exercise; it was therefore mainly in the evening that Isabel saw him. She bethought herself of saying to him one day that if he were willing he could render her a service. And then she added, smiling—

"I don't know, however, what right I have to ask a service of you."

"You are the person in the world who has most right," he answered. "I have given you assurances that I have never given any one else."

The service was that he should go and see her cousin Ralph, who was ill at the *Hôtel de Paris*, alone, and be as kind to him as possible. Mr. Goodwood had never seen him, but he would know who the poor fellow was; if she was not mistaken, Ralph had once invited him to *Gardencourt*. Caspar remembered the invitation perfectly, and, though he was not supposed to be a man of imagination, had enough to put himself in the place of a poor gentleman who lay dying at a Roman inn. He called at the *Hôtel de Paris*, and on being shown into the presence of the master of *Gardencourt*, found Miss Stackpole sitting beside his sofa. A singular change had, in fact, occurred in this lady's relations with Ralph Touchett. She had not been asked by Isabel to go and see him, but on hearing that he was too ill to come out had immediately gone of her own motion. After this she had paid him a daily visit—always under the conviction that they were great enemies. "Oh yes, we are intimate enemies," Ralph used to say; and he accused her freely—as freely as the humour of it would allow—of coming to worry him to death. In reality they became excellent friends, and Henrietta wondered that she should never have liked him before. Ralph liked her exactly as much as he had always done; he had never doubted for a moment that she was an excellent fellow. They talked about everything, and always differed; about everything, that is, but Isabel—a topic as to which Ralph always had a thin

forefinger on his lips. On the other hand, Mr. Bantling was a great resource; Ralph was capable of discussing Mr. Bantling with Henrietta for hours. Discussion was stimulated of course by their inevitable difference of view—Ralph having amused himself with taking the ground that the genial ex-guardsmen was a regular Machiavelli. Caspar Goodwood could contribute nothing to such a debate; but after he had been left alone with Touchett, he found there were various other matters they could talk about. It must be admitted that the lady who had just gone out was not one of these; Caspar granted all Miss Stackpole's merits in advance, but had no further remark to make about her. Neither, after the first allusions, did the two men expatiate upon Mrs. Osmond—a theme in which Goodwood perceived as many dangers as his host. He felt very sorry for Ralph; he couldn't bear to see a pleasant man so helpless. There was help in Goodwood, when once the fountain had been tapped; and he repeated several times his visit to the *Hôtel de Paris*. It seemed to Isabel that she had been very clever; she had disposed of the superfluous Caspar. She had given him an occupation; she had converted him into a caretaker of Ralph. She had a plan of making him travel northward with her cousin as soon as the first mild weather should allow it. Lord Warburton had brought Ralph to Rome, and Mr. Goodwood should take him away. There seemed a happy symmetry in this, and she was now intensely eager that Ralph should leave Rome. She had a constant fear that he would die there, and a horror of this event occurring at an inn, at her door, which she had so rarely entered. Ralph must sink to his last rest in his own dear house, in one of those deep, dim chambers of Gardencourt, where the dark ivy would cluster round the edges of the glimmering window. There seemed to Isabel in these days something sacred about Gardencourt; no chapter of the past was more

perfectly irrecoverable. When she thought of the months she had spent there the tears rose to her eyes. She flattered herself, as I say, upon her ingenuity, but she had need of all she could muster; for several events occurred which seemed to confront and defy her. The Countess Gemini arrived from Florence—arrived with her trunks, her dresses, her chatter, her little fibs, her frivolity, the strange memory of her lovers. Edward Rosier, who had been away somewhere—no one, not even Pansy, knew where—reappeared in Rome and began to write her long letters, which she never answered. Madame Merle returned from Naples and said to her with a strange smile—"What on earth did you do with Lord Warburton?" As if it were any business of hers!

XLVIII.

ONE day, toward the end of February, Ralph Touchett made up his mind to return to England. He had his own reasons for this decision, which he was not bound to communicate; but Henrietta Stackpole, to whom he mentioned his intention, flattered herself that she guessed them. She forbore to express them, however; she only said, after a moment, as she sat by his sofa—

"I suppose you know that you can't go alone."

"I have no idea of doing that," Ralph answered. "I shall have people with me."

"What do you mean by 'people'? Servants, whom you pay?"

"Ah," said Ralph, jocosely, "after all, they are human beings."

"Are there any women among them?" Miss Stackpole inquired, calmly.

"You speak as if I had a dozen! No, I confess I haven't a soubrette in my employment."

"Well," said Henrietta, tranquilly, "you can't go to England that way. You must have a woman's care."

"I have had so much of yours for the past fortnight that it will last me a good while."

"You have not had enough of it yet. I guess I will go with you," said Henrietta.

"Go with me?" Ralph slowly raised himself from his sofa.

"Yes, I know you don't like me, but I will go with you all the same. It would be better for your health to lie down again."

Ralph looked at her a little; then he slowly resumed his former posture.

"I like you very much," he said in a moment.

Miss Stackpole gave one of her infrequent laughs.

"You needn't think that by saying that you can buy me off. I will go with you, and what is more I will take care of you."

"You are a very good woman," said Ralph.

"Wait till I get you safely home before you say that. It won't be easy. But you had better go, all the same."

Before she left him, Ralph said to her—

"Do you really mean to take care of me?"

"Well, I mean to try."

"I notify you, then, that I submit. Oh, I submit!" And it was perhaps a sign of submission that a few minutes after she had left him alone he burst into a loud fit of laughter. It seemed to him so inconsequent, such a conclusive proof of his having abdicated all functions and renounced all exercise, that he should start on a journey across Europe under the supervision of Miss Stackpole. And the great oddity was that the prospect pleased him; he was gratefully, luxuriously passive. He felt even impatient to start; and indeed he had an immense longing to see his own house again. The end of everything was at hand; it seemed to him that he could stretch out his arm and touch the goal. But he wished to die at home; it was the only wish he

had left—to extend himself in the large quiet room where he had last seen his father lie, and close his eyes upon the summer dawn.

That same day Caspar Goodwood came to see him, and he informed his visitor that Miss Stackpole had taken him up and was to conduct him back to England.

"Ah then," said Caspar, "I am afraid I shall be a fifth wheel to the coach. Mrs. Osmond has made me promise to go with you."

"Good heavens—it's the golden age! You are all too kind."

"The kindness on my part is to her; it's hardly to you."

"Granting that, *she* is kind," said Ralph, smiling.

"To get people to go with you? Yes, that's a sort of kindness," Goodwood answered, without lending himself to the joke. "For myself, however," he added, "I will go so far as to say that I would much rather travel with you and Miss Stackpole than with Miss Stackpole alone."

"And you would rather stay here than do either," said Ralph. "There is really no need of your coming. Henrietta is extraordinarily efficient."

"I am sure of that. But I have promised Mrs. Osmond."

"You can easily get her to let you off."

"She wouldn't let me off for the world. She wants me to look after you, but that isn't the principal thing. The principal thing is that she wants me to leave Rome."

"Ah, you see too much in it," Ralph suggested.

"I bore her," Goodwood went on; "she has nothing to say to me, so she invented that."

"Oh then, if it's a convenience to her, I certainly will take you with me. Though I don't see why it should be a convenience," Ralph added in a moment.

"Well," said Caspar Goodwood, simply, "she thinks I am watching her."

"Watching her?"

"Trying to see whether she's happy."

"That's easy to see," said Ralph. "She's the most visibly happy woman I know."

"Exactly so; I am satisfied," Goodwood answered, dryly. For all his dryness, however, he had more to say. "I have been watching her; I was an old friend, and it seemed to me I had the right. She pretends to be happy; that was what she undertook to be; and I thought I should like to see for myself what it amounts to. I have seen," he continued, in a strange voice, "and I don't want to see any more. I am now quite ready to go."

"Do you know it strikes me as about time you should?" Ralph rejoined. And this was the only conversation these gentlemen ever had about Isabel Osmond.

Henrietta made her preparations for departure, and among them she found it proper to say a few words to the Countess Gemini, who returned at Miss Stackpole's *pension* the visit which this lady had paid her in Florence.

"You were very wrong about Lord Warburton," she remarked, to the Countess. "I think it is right you should know that."

"About his making love to Isabel? My poor lady, he was at her house three times a day. He has left traces of his passage!" the Countess cried.

"He wished to marry your niece; that's why he came to the house."

The Countess stared, and then gave an inconsiderate laugh.

"Is that the story that Isabel tells? It isn't bad, as such things go. If he wishes to marry my niece, pray why doesn't he do it? Perhaps he has gone to buy the wedding ring, and will come back with it next month, after I am gone."

"No, he will not come back. Miss Osmond doesn't wish to marry him."

"She is very accommodating! I knew she was fond of Isabel, but I didn't know she carried it so far."

"I don't understand you," said Henrietta, coldly, and reflecting that the Countess was unpleasantly perverse. "I really must stick to my point—that Isabel never encouraged the attentions of Lord Warburton."

"My dear friend, what do you and I know about it? All we know is that my brother is capable of everything."

"I don't know what he is capable of," said Henrietta, with dignity.

"It's not her encouraging Lord Warburton that I complain of; it's her sending him away. I want particularly to see him. Do you suppose she thought I would make him faithless?" the Countess continued, with audacious insistence. "However, she is only keeping him, one can feel that. The house is full of him there; he is quite in the air. Oh yes, he has left traces; I am sure I shall see him yet."

"Well," said Henrietta, after a little, with one of those inspirations which had made the fortune of her letters to the *Interviewer*, "perhaps he will be more successful with you than with Isabel!"

When she told her friend of the offer she had made to Ralph, Isabel replied that she could have done nothing that would have pleased her more. It had always been her faith that, at bottom, Ralph and Henrietta were made to understand each other.

"I don't care whether he understands me or not," said Henrietta. "The great thing is that he shouldn't die in the cars."

"He won't do that," Isabel said, shaking her head, with an extension of faith.

"He won't if I can help it. I see you want us all to go. I don't know what you want to do."

"I want to be alone," said Isabel.

"You won't be that so long as you have got so much company at home."

"Ah, they are part of the comedy. You others are spectators."

"Do you call it a comedy, Isabel Archer?" Henrietta inquired, severely.

"The tragedy, then, if you like. You are all looking at me; it makes me uncomfortable."

Henrietta contemplated her a while.

"You are like the stricken deer, seeking the innermost shade. Oh, you do give me such a sense of helplessness!" she broke out.

"I am not at all helpless. There are many things I mean to do."

"It's not you I am speaking of; it's myself. It's too much, having come on purpose, to leave you just as I find you."

"You don't do that; you leave me much refreshed," Isabel said.

"Very mild refreshment — sour lemonade! I want you to promise me something."

"I can't do that. I shall never make another promise. I made such a solemn one four years ago, and I have succeeded so ill in keeping it."

"You have had no encouragement. In this case I should give you the greatest. Leave your husband before the worst comes; that's what I want you to promise."

"The worst? What do you call the worst?"

"Before your character gets spoiled."

"Do you mean my disposition? It won't get spoiled," Isabel answered, smiling. "I am taking very good care of it. I am extremely struck," she added, turning away, "with the off-hand way in which you speak of a woman leaving her husband. It's easy to see you have never had one!"

"Well," said Henrietta, as if she were beginning an argument, "nothing is more common in our western cities, and it is to them, after all, that we must look in the future." Her argument, however, does not concern this history, which has too many other threads to unwind. She announced to Ralph Touchett that she was ready to leave Rome by any train that he might designate, and Ralph immediately pulled himself together for departure. Isabel went to see him at the last, and he made the same remark that Hen-

rietta had made. It struck him that Isabel was uncommonly glad to get rid of them all.

For all answer to this she gently laid her hand on his, and said in a low tone, with a quick smile—

"My dear Ralph!"

It was answer enough, and he was quite contented. But he went on, in the same way, jocosely, ingenuously—

"I've seen less of you than I might, but it's better than nothing. And then I have heard a great deal about you."

"I don't know from whom, leading the life you have done."

"From the voices of the air! Oh, from no one else; I never let other people speak of you. They always say you are 'charming,' and that's so flat."

"I might have seen more of you, certainly," Isabel said. "But when one is married one has so much occupation."

"Fortunately I am not married. When you come to see me in England, I shall be able to entertain you with all the freedom of a bachelor." He continued to talk as if they should certainly meet again, and succeeded in making the assumption appear almost just. He made no allusion to his term being near, to the probability that he should not outlast the summer. If he preferred it so, Isabel was willing enough; the reality was sufficiently distinct, without their erecting finger-posts in conversation. That had been well enough for the earlier time, though about this as about his other affairs Ralph had never been egotistic. Isabel spoke of his journey, of the stages into which he should divide it, of the precautions he should take.

"Henrietta is my greatest precaution," Ralph said. "The conscience of that woman is sublime."

"Certainly, she will be very conscientious."

"Will be? She has been! It's only because she thinks it's her duty that she goes with me. There's a conception of duty for you."

"Yes, it's a generous one," said

Isabel, "and it makes me deeply ashamed. I ought to go with you, you know."

"Your husband wouldn't like that."

"No, he wouldn't like it. But I might go, all the same."

"I am startled by the boldness of your imagination. Fancy my being a cause of disagreement between a lady and her husband!"

"That's why I don't go," said Isabel, simply, but not very lucidly.

Ralph understood well enough, however. "I should think so, with all those occupations you speak of."

"It isn't that. I am afraid," said Isabel. After a pause she repeated, as if to make herself, rather than him, hear the words—"I am afraid."

Ralph could hardly tell what her tone meant; it was so strangely deliberate—apparently so void of emotion. Did she wish to do public penance for a fault of which she had not been convicted? or were her words simply an attempt at enlightened self-analysis? However this might be, Ralph could not resist so easy an opportunity. "Afraid of your husband?" he said, jocosely.

"Afraid of myself!" said Isabel, getting up. She stood there a moment, and then she added—"If I were afraid of my husband, that would be simply my duty. That is what women are expected to be."

"Ah yes," said Ralph, laughing; "but to make up for it there is always some man awfully afraid of some woman!"

She gave no heed to this jest, but suddenly took a different turn. "With Henrietta at the head of your little band," she exclaimed abruptly, "there will be nothing left for Mr. Goodwood!"

"Ah, my dear Isabel," Ralph answered, "he's used to that. There is nothing left for Mr. Goodwood!"

Isabel coloured, and then she declared, quickly, that she must leave him. They stood together a moment; both her hands were in both of his. "You have been my best friend," she said.

"It was for you that I wanted—that I wanted to live. But I am of no use to you."

Then it came over her more poignantly that she should not see him again. She could not accept that; she could not part with him that way. "If you should send for me I would come," she said at last.

"Your husband won't consent to that."

"Oh yes, I can arrange it."

"I shall keep that for my last pleasure!" said Ralph.

In answer to which she simply kissed him.

It was a Thursday, and that evening Caspar Goodwood came to the Palazzo Roccanera. He was among the first to arrive, and he spent some time in conversation with Gilbert Osmond, who almost always was present when his wife received. They sat down together, and Osmond, talkative, communicative, expansive, seemed possessed with a kind of intellectual gaiety. He leaned back with his legs crossed, lounging and chatting, while Goodwood, more restless, but not at all lively, shifted his position, played with his hat, made the little sofa creak beneath him. Osmond's face wore a sharp, aggressive smile; he was like a man whose perceptions had been quickened by good news. He remarked to Goodwood that he was very sorry they were to lose him; he himself should particularly miss him. He saw so few intelligent men—they were surprisingly scarce in Rome. He must be sure to come back; there was something very refreshing, to an inveterate Italian like himself, in talking with a genuine outsider.

"I am very fond of Rome, you know," Osmond said; "but there is nothing I like better than to meet people who haven't that superstition. The modern world is after all very fine. Now you are thoroughly modern, and yet you are not at all flimsy. So many of the moderns we see are such very poor stuff. If they are the chil-

dren of the future we are willing to die young. Of course the ancients too are often very tiresome. My wife and I like everything that is really new—not the mere pretence of it. There is nothing new, unfortunately, in ignorance and stupidity. We see plenty of that in forms that offer themselves as a revelation of progress, of light. A revelation of vulgarity! There is a certain kind of vulgarity which I believe is really new; I don't think there ever was anything like it before. Indeed I don't find vulgarity, at all, before the present century. You see a faint menace of it here and there in the last, but to-day the air has grown so dense that delicate things are literally not recognised. Now, we have liked you——” And Osmond hesitated a moment, laying his hand gently on Goodwood's knee and smiling with a mixture of assurance and embarrassment. “I am going to say something extremely offensive and patronising, but you must let me have the satisfaction of it. We have liked you because—because you have reconciled us a little to the future. If there are to be a certain number of people like you—*à la bonne heure!* I am talking for my wife as well as for myself, you see. She speaks for me; why shouldn't I speak for her? We are as united, you know, as the candlestick and the snuffers. Am I assuming too much when I say that I think I have understood from you that your occupations have been—a—commercial? There is a danger in that, you know; but it's the way you have escaped that strikes us. Excuse me if my little compliment seems in execrable taste; fortunately my wife doesn't hear me. What I mean is that you *might have been*—a—what I was mentioning just now. The whole American world was in a conspiracy to make you so. But you resisted, you have something that saved you. And yet you are so modern, so modern; the most modern man we know! We shall always be delighted to see you again.”

I have said that Osmond was in

good-humour, and these remarks will give ample evidence of the fact. They were infinitely more personal than he usually cared to be, and if Caspar Goodwood had attended to them more closely he might have thought that the defence of delicacy was in rather odd hands. We may believe, however, that Osmond knew very well what he was about, and that if he chose for once to be a little vulgar, he had an excellent reason for the escapade. Goodwood had only a vague sense that he was laying it on, somehow; he scarcely knew where the mixture was applied. Indeed he scarcely knew what Osmond was talking about; he wanted to be alone with Isabel, and that idea spoke louder to him than her husband's perfectly modulated voice. He watched her talking with other people, and wondered when she would be at liberty, and whether he might ask her to go into one of the other rooms. His humour was not, like Osmond's, of the best; there was an element of dull rage in his consciousness of things. Up to this time he had not disliked Osmond personally; he had only thought him very well-informed and obliging, and more than he had supposed like the person whom Isabel Archer would naturally marry. Osmond had won in the open field a great advantage over him, and Goodwood had too strong a sense of fair play to have been moved to underrate him on that account. He had not tried positively to like him; this was a flight of sentimental benevolence of which, even in the days when he came nearest to reconciling himself to what had happened, Goodwood was quite incapable. He accepted him as a rather brilliant personage of the amateurish kind, afflicted with a redundancy of leisure which it amused him to work off in little refinements of conversation. But he only half trusted him; he could never make out why the deuce Osmond should lavish refinements of any sort upon *him*. It made him suspect that he found some private entertainment in it, and it

ministered to a general impression that his successful rival had a fantastical streak in his composition. He knew indeed that Osmond could have no reason to wish him evil; he had nothing to fear from him. He had carried off a supreme advantage, and he could afford to be kind to a man who had lost everything. It was true that Goodwood at times had wished Osmond were dead, and would have liked to kill him; but Osmond had no means of knowing this, for practice had made Goodwood quite perfect in the art of appearing inaccessible to-day to any violent emotion. He cultivated this art in order to deceive himself, but it was others that he deceived first. He cultivated it, moreover, with very limited success; of which there could be no better proof than the deep, dumb irritation that reigned in his soul when he heard Osmond speak of his wife's feelings as if he were commissioned to answer for them. That was all he had an ear for in what his host said to him this evening; he was conscious that Osmond made more of a point even than usual of referring to the conjugal harmony which prevailed at the Palazzo Roccanera. He was more careful than ever to speak as if he and his wife had all things in sweet community, and it were as natural to each of them to say "we" as to say "I." In all this there was an air of intention which puzzled and angered our poor Bostonian, who could only reflect for his comfort that Mrs. Osmond's relations with her husband were none of his business. He had no proof whatever that her husband misrepresented her, and if he judged her by the surface of things was bound to believe that she liked her life. She had never given him the faintest sign of discontent. Miss Stackpole had told him that she had lost her illusions, but writing for the papers had made Miss Stackpole sensational. She was too fond of early news. Moreover, since her arrival in Rome she had been much on her guard; she had ceased

to flash her lantern at him. This, indeed, it may be said for her, would have been quite against her conscience. She had, now seen the reality of Isabel's situation, and it had inspired her with a just reserve. Whatever could be done to improve it, the most useful form of assistance would not be to inflame her former lovers with a sense of her wrongs. Miss Stackpole continued to take a deep interest in the state of Mr. Goodwood's feelings, but she showed it at present only by sending him choice extracts, humorous and other, from the American journals, of which she received several by every post and which she always perused with a pair of scissors in her hand. The articles she cut out she placed in an envelope addressed to Mr. Goodwood, which she left with her own hand at his hotel. He never asked her a question about Isabel; hadn't he come five thousand miles to see for himself? He was thus not in the least authorised to think Mrs. Osmond unhappy; but the very absence of authorisation operated as an irritant, ministered to the angry pain with which, in spite of his theory that he had ceased to care, he now recognised that, as far as she was concerned, the future had nothing more for him. He had not even the satisfaction of knowing the truth; apparently he could not even be trusted to respect her if she *were* unhappy. He was hopeless, he was helpless, he was superfluous. To this last fact she had called his attention by her ingenious plan for making him leave Rome. He had no objection whatever to doing what he could for her cousin, but it made him grind his teeth to think that of all the services she might have asked of him this was the one she had been eager to select. There had been no danger of her choosing one that would have kept him in Rome!

To-night what he was chiefly thinking of was that he was to leave her to-morrow and that he had gained nothing by coming but the knowledge that he was as superfluous as ever.

About herself he had gained no knowledge; she was imperturbable, impenetrable. He felt the old bitterness, which he had tried so hard to swallow, rise again in his throat, and he knew that there are disappointments which last as long as life. Osmond went on talking; Goodwood was vaguely aware that he was touching again upon his perfect intimacy with his wife. It seemed to him for a moment that Osmond had a kind of demoniac imagination; it was impossible that without malice he should have selected so unusual a topic. But what did it matter, after all, whether he were demoniac or not, and whether she loved him or hated him? She might hate him to the death without Goodwood's gaining by it.

"You travel, by the by, with Touchett," Osmond said. "I suppose that means that you will move slowly?"

"I don't know; I shall do just as he likes."

"You are very accommodating. We are immensely obliged to you; you must really let me say it. My wife has probably expressed to you what we feel. Touchett has been on our minds all winter; it has looked more than once as if he would never leave Rome. He ought never to have come; it's worse than an imprudence for people in that state to travel; it's a kind of indelicacy. I wouldn't for the world be under such an obligation to Touchett as he has been to—to my wife and me. Other people inevitably have to look after him, and every one isn't so generous as you."

"I have nothing else to do," said Caspar, dryly.

Osmond looked at him a moment, askance. "You ought to marry, and then you would have plenty to do! It is true that in that case you wouldn't be quite so available for deeds of mercy."

"Do you find that as a married man you are so much occupied?"

"Ah, you see, being married is in itself an occupation. It isn't always

active; it's often passive; but that takes even more attention. Then my wife and I do so many things together. We read, we study, we make music, we walk, we drive—we talk even, as when we first knew each other. I delight, to this hour, in my wife's conversation. If you are ever bored, get married. Your wife indeed may bore you, in that case; but you will never bore yourself. You will always have something to say to yourself—always have a subject of reflection."

"I am not bored," said Goodwood. "I have plenty to think about and to say to myself."

"More than to say to others!" Osmond exclaimed, with a light laugh. "Where shall you go next? I mean after you have consigned Touchett to his natural care-takers—I believe his mother is at last coming back to look after him. That little lady is superb; she neglects her duties with a finish! Perhaps you will spend the summer in England?"

"I don't know; I have no plans."

"Happy man! That's a little nude, but it's very free."

"Oh yes, I am very free."

"Free to come back to Rome, I hope," said Osmond, as he saw a group of new visitors enter the room. "Remember that when you do come we count upon you!"

Goodwood had meant to go away early, but the evening elapsed without his having a chance to speak to Isabel otherwise than as one of several associated interlocutors. There was something perverse in the inveteracy with which she avoided him; Goodwood's unquenchable rancour discovered an intention where there was certainly no appearance of one. There was absolutely no appearance of one. She met his eye with her sweet hospitable smile, which seemed almost to ask that he would come and help her to entertain some of her visitors. To such suggestions, however, he only opposed a stiff impatience. He wandered about and waited; he talked to the few people he knew, who found him

for the first time rather self-contradictory. This was indeed rare with Caspar Goodwood, though he often contradicted others. There was often music at the Palazzo Roccanero, and it was usually very good. Under cover of the music he managed to contain himself; but toward the end, when he saw the people beginning to go, he drew near to Isabel and asked her in a low tone if he might not speak to her in one of the other rooms, which he had just assured himself was empty.

She smiled as if she wished to oblige him, but found herself absolutely prevented. "I'm afraid it's impossible. People are saying good-night, and I must be where they can see me."

"I shall wait till they are all gone, then!"

She hesitated a moment. "Ah, that will be delightful!" she exclaimed.

And he waited, though it took a long time yet. There were several people, at the end, who seemed tethered to the carpet. The Countess Gemini, who was never herself till midnight, as she said, displayed no consciousness that the entertainment was over; she had still a little circle of gentlemen in front of the fire, who every now and then broke into a united laugh. Osmond had disappeared—he never bade good-bye to people; and as the Countess was extending her range, according to her custom at this period of the evening, Isabel had sent Pansy to bed. Isabel sat a little apart; she too appeared to wish that her sister-in-law would sound a lower note and let the last loiterers depart in peace.

"May I not say a word to you now?" Goodwood presently asked her.

She got up, immediately, smiling. "Certainly, we will go somewhere else, if you like."

They went together, leaving the Countess with her little circle, and for a moment after they had crossed the threshold neither of them spoke. Isabel would not sit down; she stood in the middle of the room slowly fanning herself, with the same familiar grace.

She seemed to be waiting for him to speak. Now that he was alone with her, all the passion that he had never stifled surged into his senses; it hummed in his eyes and made things swim around him. The bright, empty room grew dim and blurred, and through the rustling tissue he saw Isabel hover before him with gleaming eyes and parted lips. If he had seen more distinctly he would have perceived that her smile was fixed and a trifle forced—that she was frightened at what she saw in his own face.

"I suppose you wish to bid me good-bye?" she said.

"Yes—but I don't like it. I don't want to leave Rome," he answered, with almost plaintive honesty.

"I can well imagine. It is wonderfully good of you. I can't tell you how kind I think you."

For a moment more he said nothing. "With a few words like that you make me go."

"You must come back some day," Isabel rejoined, brightly.

"Some day? You mean as long a time hence as possible."

"Oh no; I don't mean all that."

"What do you mean? I don't understand! But I said I would go, and I will go," Goodwood added.

"Come back whenever you like," said Isabel, with attempted lightness.

"I don't care a straw for your cousin!" Caspar broke out.

"Is that what you wished to tell me?"

"No, no; I didn't want to tell you anything; I wanted to ask you—" he paused a moment, and then—"what have you really made of your life?" he said, in a low, quick tone. He paused again, as if for an answer; but she said nothing, and he went on—"I can't understand, I can't penetrate you! What am I to believe—what do you want me to think?" Still she said nothing; she only stood looking at him, now quite without pretending to smile. "I am told you are unhappy, and if you are I should like to know it. That would

be something for me. But you yourself say you are happy, and you are somehow so still, so smooth. You are completely changed. You conceal everything; I haven't really come near you."

"You come very near," Isabel said, gently, but in a tone of warning.

"And yet I don't touch you! I want to know the truth. Have you done well?"

"You ask a great deal."

"Yes—I have always asked a great deal. Of course you won't tell me. I shall never know, if you can help it. And then it's none of my business." He had spoken with a visible effort to control himself, to give a considerate form to an inconsiderate state of mind. But the sense that it was his last chance, that he loved her and had lost her, that she would think him a fool whatever he should say, suddenly gave him a lash and added a deep vibration to his low voice. "You are perfectly inscrutable, and that's what makes me think you have something to hide. I say that I don't care a straw for your cousin, but I don't mean that I don't like him. I mean that it isn't because I like him that I go away with him. I would go if he were an idiot, and you should have asked me. If you should ask me, I would go to Patagonia to-morrow. Why do you want me to leave the place? You must have some reason for that; if you were as contented as you pretend you are, you wouldn't care. I would rather know the truth about you, even if it's damnable, than have come here for nothing. That isn't what I came for. I thought I shouldn't care. I came because I wanted to assure myself that I needn't think of you any more. I haven't thought of anything else, and you are quite right to wish me to go away. But if I must go, there is no harm in my letting myself out for a single moment, is there? If you are really hurt—if *he* hurts you—nothing I say will hurt you. When I tell you I love you, it's simply what I came for. I thought it was for something else; but

it was for that. I shouldn't say it if I didn't believe I should never see you again. It's the last time—let me pluck a single flower! I have no right to say that, I know; and you have no right to listen. But you don't listen; you never listen, you are always thinking of something else. After this I must go, of course; so I shall at least have a reason. Your asking me is no reason, not a real one. I can't judge by your husband," he went on, irrelevantly, almost incoherently, "I don't understand him; he tells me you adore each other. Why does he tell me that? What business is it of mine? When I say that to you, you look strange. But you always look strange. Yes, you have something to hide. It's none of my business—very true. But I love you," said Caspar Goodwood.

As he said, she looked strange. She turned her eyes to the door by which they had entered, and raised her fan as if in warning.

"You have behaved so well; don't spoil it," she said, softly.

"No one hears me.. It's wonderful what you try to put me off with. I love you as I have never loved you."

"I know it. I knew it as soon as you consented to go."

"You can't help it—of course not. You would if you could, but you can't, unfortunately. Unfortunately for me, I mean. I ask nothing—nothing, that is, that I shouldn't. But I do ask one sole satisfaction—that you tell me—that you tell me——"

"That I tell you what?"

"Whether I may pity you."

"Should you like that?" Isabel asked, trying to smile again.

"To pity you? Most assuredly! That at least would be doing something. I would give my life to it."

She raised her fan to her face, which it covered, all except her eyes. They rested a moment on his.

"Don't give your life to it; but give a thought to it every now and then."

And with that Isabel went back to the Countess Gemini.

XLIX.

MADAME MERLE had not made her appearance at the Palazzo Roccanera, on the evening of that Thursday of which I have narrated some of the incidents, and Isabel, though she observed her absence, was not surprised by it. Things had passed between them which added no stimulus to sociability, and to appreciate which we must glance a little backward. It has been mentioned that Madame Merle returned from Naples shortly after Lord Warburton had left Rome, and that on her first meeting with Isabel (whom, to do her justice, she came immediately to see) her first utterance was an inquiry as to the whereabouts of this nobleman, for whom she appeared to hold her dear friend accountable.

"Please don't talk of him," said Isabel, for answer; "we have heard so much of him of late."

Madame Merle bent her head on one side a little, protestingly, and smiled in the left corner of her mouth.

"You have heard, yes. But you must remember that I have not, in Naples. I hoped to find him here, and to be able to congratulate Pansy."

"You may congratulate Pansy still; but not on marrying Lord Warburton."

"How you say that! Don't you know I had set my heart on it?" Madame Merle asked, with a great deal of spirit, but still with the intonation of good-humour.

Isabel was discomposed, but she was determined to be good-humoured too.

"You shouldn't have gone to Naples, then. You should have stayed here to watch the affair."

"I had too much confidence in you. But do you think it is too late?"

"You had better ask Pansy," said Isabel.

"I shall ask her what you have said to her."

These words seemed to justify the impulse of self-defence aroused on

Isabel's part by her perceiving that her visitor's attitude was a critical one. Madame Merle, as we know, had been very discreet hitherto; she had never criticised; she had been excessively afraid of intermeddling. But apparently she had only reserved herself for this occasion; for she had a dangerous quickness in her eye, and an air of irritation which even her admirable smile was not able to transmute. She had suffered a disappointment which excited Isabel's surprise—our heroine having no knowledge of her zealous interest in Pansy's marriage; and she betrayed it in a manner which quickened Mrs. Osmond's alarm. More clearly than ever before, Isabel heard a cold, mocking voice proceed from she knew not where, in the dim void that surrounded her, and declare that this bright, strong, definite, worldly woman, this incarnation of the practical, the personal, the immediate, was a powerful agent in her destiny. She was nearer to her than Isabel had yet discovered, and her nearness was not the charming accident that she had so long thought. The sense of accident indeed had died within her that day when she happened to be struck with the manner in which Madame Merle and her own husband sat together in private. No definite suspicion had as yet taken its place; but it was enough to make her look at this lady with a different eye to have been led to reflect that there was more intention in her past behaviour than she had allowed for at the time. Ah, yes, there had been intention, there had been intention, Isabel said to herself; and she seemed to wake from a long, pernicious dream. What was it that brought it home to her that Madame Merle's intention had not been good? Nothing but the mistrust which had lately taken body, and which married itself now to the fruitful wonder produced by her visitor's challenge on behalf of poor Pansy. There was something in this challenge which at the very outset excited an answering defiance; a nameless vitality which Isabel now saw to have been

absent from her friend's professions of delicacy and caution. Madame Merle had been unwilling to interfere, certainly, but only so long as there was nothing to interfere with. It will perhaps seem to the reader that Isabel went fast in casting doubt, on mere suspicion, on a sincerity proved by several years of good offices. She moved quickly, indeed, and with reason, for a strange truth was filtering into her soul. Madame Merle's interest was identical with Osmond's; that was enough.

"I think Pansy will tell you nothing that will feed your resentment," she said, in answer to her companion's last remark.

"I have no resentment. I have only a great desire to retrieve the situation. Do you think his lordship has left us for ever?"

"I can't tell you; I don't understand you. It's all over; please let it rest. Osmond has talked to me a great deal about it, and I have nothing more to say or to hear. I have no doubt," Isabel added, "that he will be very happy to discuss the subject with you."

"I know what he thinks; he came to see me last evening."

"As soon as you had arrived? Then you know all about it, and you needn't apply to me for information."

"It isn't information I want. At bottom, it's sympathy. I had set my heart on that marriage; the idea did what so few things do—it satisfied the imagination."

"Your imagination, yes. But not that of the persons concerned."

"You mean by that of course that I am not concerned. Of course not directly. But when one is such an old friend, one can't help having something at stake. You forget how long I have known Pansy. You mean, of course," Madame Merle added, "that *you* are one of the persons concerned."

"No; that's the last thing I mean. I am very weary of it all."

Madame Merle hesitated a little. "Ah yes, your work's done."

"Take care what you say," said Isabel, very gravely.

"Oh, I take care; never perhaps more than when it appears least. Your husband judges you severely."

Isabel made for a moment no answer to this; she felt choked with bitterness. It was not the insolence of Madame Merle's informing her that Osmond had been taking her into his confidence as against his wife that struck her most; for she was not quick to believe that this was meant for insolence. Madame Merle was very rarely insolent, and only when it was exactly right. It was not right now, or at least it was not right yet. What touched Isabel like a drop of corrosive acid upon an open wound, was the knowledge that Osmond dishonoured her in his words as well as in his thoughts.

"Should you like to know how I judge him?" she asked at last.

"No, because you would never tell me. And it would be painful for me to know."

There was a pause, and for the first time since she had known her, Isabel thought Madame Merle disagreeable. She wished she would leave her.

"Remember how attractive Pansy is, and don't despair," she said abruptly, with a desire that this should close their interview.

But Madame Merle's expansive presence underwent no contraction. She only gathered her mantle about her, and, with the movement, scattered upon the air a faint, agreeable fragrance.

"I don't despair," she answered; "I feel encouraged. And I didn't come to scold you; I came if possible to learn the truth. I know you will tell it if I ask you. It's an immense blessing with you, that one can count upon that. No, you won't believe what a comfort I take in it."

"What truth do you speak of?" Isabel asked, wondering.

"Just this: whether Lord Warburton changed his mind quite of his own movement, or because you recommended it. To please himself, I

mean; or to please you. Think of the confidence I must still have in you, in spite of having lost a little of it," Madame Merle continued with a smile, "to ask such a question as that!" She sat looking at Isabel a moment, to judge of the effect of her words, and then she went on—"Now don't be heroic, don't be unreasonable, don't take offence. It seems to me I do you an honour in speaking so. I don't know another woman to whom I would do it. I haven't the least idea that any other woman would tell me the truth. And don't you see how well it is that your husband should know it! It is true that he doesn't appear to have had any tact whatever in trying to extract it; he has indulged in gratuitous suppositions. But that doesn't alter the fact that it would make a difference in his view of his daughter's prospects to know distinctly what really occurred. If Lord Warburton simply got tired of the poor child, that's one thing; it's a pity. If he gave her up to please you, it's another. That's a pity, too; but in a different way. Then, in the latter case, you would perhaps make an attempt to find your pleasure in a new appeal to your friend."

Madame Merle had proceeded very deliberately, watching her companion and apparently thinking she could proceed safely. As she went on, Isabel grew pale; she clasped her hands more tightly in her lap. It was not that Madame Merle had at last thought it the right time to be insolent; for this was not what was most apparent. It was a worse horror than that. "Who are you—what are you?" Isabel murmured. "What have you to do with my husband?" It was strange that, for the moment, she drew as near to him as if she had loved him.

"Ah, then you take it heroically! I am very sorry. Don't think, however, that I shall do so."

"What have you to do with me?" Isabel went on.

Madame Merle slowly got up, strok-

ing her muff, but not removing her eyes from Isabel's face.

"Everything!" she answered.

Isabel sat there looking up at her, without rising; her face was almost a prayer to be enlightened. But the light of her visitor's eyes seemed only a darkness.

"Oh, misery!" she murmured at last; and she fell back, covering her face with her hands. It had come over her like a high-surfing wave that Mrs. Touchett was right. Madame Merle had married her! Before she uncovered her face again, this lady had left the room.

Isabel took a drive, alone, that afternoon; she wished to be far away, under the sky, where she could descend from her carriage and tread upon the daisies. She had long before this taken old Rome into her confidence, for in a world of ruins the ruin of her happiness seemed a less unnatural catastrophe. She rested her weariness upon things that had crumbled for centuries and yet still were upright; she dropped her secret sadness into the silence of lonely places, where its very modern quality detached itself and grew objective, so that as she sat in a sun-warmed angle on a winter's day, or stood in a mouldy church to which no one came, she could almost smile at it and think of its smallness. Small it was, in the large Roman record, and her haunting sense of the continuity of the human lot easily carried her from the less to the greater. She had become deeply, tenderly acquainted with Rome; it interfused and moderated her passion. But she had grown to think of it chiefly as the place where people had suffered. This was what came to her in the starved churches, where the marble columns, transferred from pagan ruins, seemed to offer her a companionship in endurance and the musty incense to be a compound of long-unanswered prayers. There was no gentler nor less consistent heretic than Isabel; the firmest of worshippers, gazing at dark altar-pictures or

clustered candles, could not have felt more intimately the suggestiveness of these objects nor have been more liable at such moments to a spiritual visitation. Pansy, as we know, was almost always her companion, and of late the Countess Gemini, balancing a pink parasol, had lent brilliancy to their equipage; but she still occasionally found herself alone when it suited her mood, and where it suited the place. On such occasions she had several resorts; the most accessible of which perhaps was a seat on the low parapet which edges the wide grassy space lying before the high, cold front of St. John Lateran; where you look across the Campagna at the far-trailing outline of the Alban Mount, and at that mighty plain between, which is still so full of all that has vanished from it. After the departure of her cousin and his companions she wandered about more than usual; she carried her sombre spirit from one familiar shrine to the other. Even when Pansy and the Countess were with her, she felt the touch of a vanished world. The carriage, passing out of the walls of Rome, rolled through narrow lanes, where the wild honeysuckle had begun to tangle itself in the hedges, or waited for her in quiet places where the fields lay near, while she strolled further and further over the flower-freckled turf, or sat on a stone that had once had a use, and gazed through the veil of her personal sadness at the splendid sadness of the scene—at the dense, warm light, the far gradations and soft confusions of colour, the motionless shepherds in lonely attitudes, the hills where the cloud-shadows had the lightness of a blush.

On the afternoon I began with speaking of, she had taken a resolution not to think of Madame Merle; but the resolution proved vain, and this lady's image hovered constantly before her. She asked herself, with an almost childlike horror of the supposition, whether to this intimate friend of several years the great

historical epithet of *wicked* was to be applied. She knew the idea only by the Bible and other literary works; to the best of her belief she had no personal acquaintance with wickedness. She had desired a large acquaintance with human life, and in spite of her having flattered herself that she cultivated it with some success, this elementary privilege had been denied her. Perhaps it was not wicked—in the historic sense—to be false; for that was what Madame Merle had been. Isabel's Aunt Lydia had made this discovery long before, and had mentioned it to her niece; but Isabel had flattered herself at this time that she had a much richer view of things, especially of the spontaneity of her own career and the nobleness of her own interpretations, than poor stiffly-reasoning Mrs. Touchett. Madame Merle had done what she wanted; she had brought about the union of her two friends; a reflection which could not fail to make it a matter of wonder that she should have desired such an event. There were people who had the matchmaking passion, like the votaries of art for art; but Madame Merle, great artist as she was, was scarcely one of these. She thought too ill of marriage, too ill even of life; she had desired that marriage, but she had not desired others. She therefore had had an idea of gain, and Isabel asked herself where she had found her profit. It took her, naturally, a long time to discover, and even then her discovery was very incomplete. It came back to her that Madame Merle, though she had seemed to like her from their first meeting at Gardencourt, had been doubly affectionate after Mr. Touchett's death, and after learning that her young friend was a victim of the good old man's benevolence. She had found her profit not in the gross device of borrowing money from Isabel, but in the more refined idea of introducing one of her intimates to the young girl's fortune. She had naturally chosen her closest intimate,

and it was already vivid enough to Isabel that Gilbert Osmond occupied this position. She found herself confronted in this manner with the conviction that the man in the world whom she had supposed to be the least sordid, had married her for her money. Strange to say, it had never before occurred to her: if she had thought a good deal of harm of Osmond, she had not done him this particular injury. This was the worst she could think of, and she had been saying to herself that the worst was still to come. A man might marry a woman for her money, very well; the thing was often done. But at least he should let her know! She wondered whether, if he wanted her money, her money to-day would satisfy him. Would he take her money and let her go? Ah, if Mr. Touchett's great charity would help her to-day, it would be blessed indeed! It was not slow to occur to her that if Madame Merle had wished to do Osmond a service, his recognition of the fact must have lost its warmth. What must be his feelings to-day in regard to his too zealous benefactress, and what expression must they have found on the part of such a master of irony? It is a singular, but a characteristic, fact that before Isabel returned from her silent drive she had broken its silence by the soft exclamation—

"Poor Madame Merle!"

Her exclamation would perhaps have been justified if on this same afternoon she had been concealed behind one of the valuable curtains of time-softened damask which dressed the interesting little *salon* of the lady to whom it referred; the carefully-arranged apartment to which we once paid a visit in company with the discreet Mr. Rosier. In that apartment, towards six o'clock, Gilbert Osmond was seated, and his hostess stood before him as Isabel had seen her stand on an occasion commemorated in this history with an emphasis appropriate not so much to its apparent as to its real importance.

"I don't believe you are unhappy; I believe you like it," said Madame Merle.

"Did I say I was unhappy?" Osmond asked, with a face grave enough to suggest that he might have been so.

"No, but you don't say the contrary, as you ought in common gratitude."

"Don't talk about gratitude," Osmond returned, dryly. "And don't aggravate me," he added, in a moment.

Madame Merle slowly seated herself, with her arms folded and her white hands arranged as a support to one of them and an ornament, as it were, to the other. She looked exquisitely calm, but impressively sad.

"On your side, don't try to frighten me," she said. "I wonder whether you know some of my thoughts."

"No more than I can help. I have quite enough of my own."

"That's because they are so delightful."

Osmond rested his head against the back of his chair and looked at his companion for a long time, with a kind of cynical directness which seemed also partly an expression of fatigue. "You do aggravate me," he remarked in a moment. "I am very tired."

"*Eh moi, donc!*" cried Madame Merle.

"With you, it's because you fatigue yourself. With me, it's not my own fault."

"When I fatigue myself it's for you. I have given you an interest; that's a great gift."

"Do you call it an interest?" Osmond inquired, languidly.

"Certainly, since it helps you to pass your time."

"The time has never seemed longer to me than this winter."

"You have never looked better; you have never been so agreeable, so brilliant."

"Damn my brilliancy!" Osmond murmured, thoughtfully. "How little, after all, you know me!"

"If I don't know you, I know nothing," said Madame Merle, smiling. "You have the feeling of complete success."

"No, I shall not have that till I have made you stop judging me."

"I did that long ago. I speak from old knowledge. But you express yourself more, too."

Osmond hesitated a moment. "I wish you would express yourself less!"

"You wish to condemn me to silence? Remember that I have never been a chatterbox. At any rate, there are three or four things that I should like to say to you first.—Your wife doesn't know what to do with herself," she went on, with a change of tone.

"Excuse me; she knows perfectly. She has a line sharply marked out. She means to carry out her ideas."

"Her ideas, to-day, must be remarkable."

"Certainly they are. She has more of them than ever."

"She was unable to show me any this morning," said Madame Merle. "She seemed in a very simple, almost in a stupid, state of mind. She was completely bewildered."

"You had better say at once that she was pathetic."

"Ah no, I don't want to encourage you too much."

Osmond still had his head against the cushion behind him; the ankle of one foot rested on the other knee. So he sat for a while. "I should like to know what is the matter with you," he said, at last.

"The matter—the matter—" And here Madame Merle stopped. Then she went on, with a sudden outbreak of passion, a burst of summer thunder in a clear sky—"The matter is that I would give my right hand to be able to weep, and that I can't!"

"What good would it do you to weep?"

"It would make me feel as I felt before I knew you."

"If I have dried your tears, that's

something. But I have seen you shed them."

"Oh, I believe you will make me cry still. I have a great hope of that. I was vile this morning; I was horrid," said Madame Merle.

"If Isabel was in the stupid state of mind you mention, she probably didn't perceive it," Osmond answered.

"It was precisely my devilry that stupefied her. I couldn't help it; I was full of something bad. Perhaps it was something good; I don't know. You have not only dried up my tears; you have dried up my soul."

"It is not I then that am responsible for my wife's condition," Osmond said. "It is pleasant to think that I shall get the benefit of your influence upon her. Don't you know the soul is an immortal principle? How can it suffer alteration?"

"I don't believe at all that it's an immortal principle. I believe it can perfectly be destroyed. That's what has happened to mine, which was a very good one to start with; and it's you I have to thank for it.—You are very bad," Madame Merle added, gravely.

"Is this the way we are to end?" Osmond asked, with the same studied coldness.

"I don't know how we are to end. I wish I did! How do bad people end? You have made me bad."

"I don't understand you. You seem to me quite good enough," said Osmond, his conscious indifference giving an extreme effect to the words.

Madame Merle's self-possession tended on the contrary to diminish, and she was nearer losing it than on any occasion on which we have had the pleasure of meeting her. Her eye brightened, even flashed; her smile betrayed a painful effort. "Good enough for anything that I have done with myself? I suppose that's what you mean."

"Good enough to be always charming!" Osmond exclaimed, smiling too.

"Oh God!" his companion mur-

mured; and, sitting there in her ripe freshness, she had recourse to the same gesture that she had provoked on Isabel's part in the morning; she bent her face and covered it with her hands.

"Are you going to weep, after all?" Osmond asked; and on her remaining motionless he went on—"Have I ever complained to you?"

She dropped her hands quickly. "No, you have taken your revenge otherwise—you have taken it on *her*."

Osmond threw back his head further; he looked a while at the ceiling, and might have been supposed to be appealing, in an informal way, to the heavenly powers. "Oh, the imagination of women! It's always vulgar, at bottom. You talk of revenge like a third-rate novelist."

"Of course you haven't complained. You have enjoyed your triumph too much."

"I am rather curious to know what you call my triumph."

"You have made your wife afraid of you."

Osmond changed his position; he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees and looking a while at a beautiful old Persian rug, at his feet. He had an air of refusing to accept any one's valuation of anything, even of time, and of preferring to abide by his own; a peculiarity which made him at moments an irritating person to converse with. "Isabel is not afraid of me, and it's not what I wish," he said at last. "To what do you wish to provoke me when you say such things as that?"

"I have thought over all the harm you can do me," Madame Merle answered. "Your wife was afraid of me this morning, but in me it was really you she feared."

"You may have said things that were in very bad taste; I am not responsible for that. I didn't see the use of your going to see her at all; you are capable of acting without her. I have not made you afraid of me, that I can see," Osmond went on; "how then should I have made her? You

are at least as brave. I can't think where you have picked up such rubbish; one might suppose you knew me by this time." He got up, as he spoke, and walked to the chimney, where he stood a moment bending his eye, as if he had seen them for the first time, on the delicate specimens of rare porcelain with which it was covered. He took up a small cup and held it in his hand; then, still holding it and leaning his arm on the mantel, he continued: "You always see too much in everything; you overdo it; you lose sight of the real. I am much simpler than you think."

"I think you are very simple." And Madame Merle kept her eye upon her cup. "I have come to that with time. I judged you, as I say, of old; but it is only since your marriage that I have understood you. I have seen better what you have been to your wife than I ever saw what you were for me. Please be very careful of that precious object."

"It already has a small crack," said Osmond, dryly, as he put it down. "If you didn't understand me before I married, it was cruelly rash of you to put me into such a box. However, I took a fancy to my box myself; I thought it would be a comfortable fit. I asked very little; I only asked that she should like me."

"That she should like you so much!"

"So much, of course; in such a case one asks the maximum. That she should adore me, if you will. Oh yes, I wanted that."

"I never adored you," said Madame Merle.

"Ah, but you pretended to!"

"It is true that you never accused me of being a comfortable fit," Madame Merle went on.

"My wife has declined—declined to do anything of the sort," said Osmond. "If you are determined to make a tragedy of that, the tragedy is hardly for her."

"The tragedy is for me!" Madame Merle exclaimed rising, with a long

low sigh, but giving a glance at the same time at the contents of her mantel-shelf. "It appears that I am to be severely taught the disadvantages of a false position."

"You express yourself like a sentence in a copy-book. We must look for our comfort where we can find it. If my wife doesn't like me, at least my child does. I shall look for compensations in Pansy. Fortunately I haven't a fault to find with her."

"Ah," said Madame Merle, softly, "if I had a child—"

Osmond hesitated a moment; and then, with a little formal air—"The children of others may be a great interest!" he announced.

"You are more like a copy-book than I. There is something, after all, that holds us together."

"Is it the idea of the harm I may do you?" Osmond asked.

"No; it's the idea of the good I may do for you. It is that," said Madame Merle, "that made me so jealous of Isabel. I want it to be *my* work," she added, with her face, which had grown hard and bitter, relaxing into its usual social expression.

Osmond took up his hat and his umbrella, and after giving the former article two or three strokes with his coat-cuff—"On the whole, I think," he said, "you had better leave it to me."

After he had left her, Madame Merle went and lifted from the mantel-shelf the attenuated coffee-cup in which he had mentioned the existence of a crack; but she looked at it rather abstractedly. "Have I been so vile all for nothing!" she murmured to herself.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE JULY ANNIVERSARIES.

THE month of July last brought us, no doubt, a very heated term, thermometrically speaking; but there is another sense in which we have so far been vouchsafed an exceptionally grateful temperature. The "July Anniversaries," as they are called in Ireland, have come and gone. It may be said, indeed, that they have been upon us and we knew it not. There are many Englishmen who will not be able, without a little reflection, to realise all that is implied in the fact that "July the Twelfth" has rolled over our heads without an incident to remind us of a *Dies Irae*. Yet if fortunate be the country that has no history, happy is the July in northern Ireland that furnishes no item for the annalist. For the first time in a long series of years the early weeks of that month have passed by in the sister country without the customary conflict, riot, and bloodshed. With a dismal regularity the episode used to come round. In many places the newspaper reporters might almost have prepared their "copy" beforehand, one year's story was so like another's. As surely as June began to wane, so surely did the authorities in Dublin Castle commence their annual preparations. Troops were gradually moved northwards. Contingents of police, drawn from the other provinces, marched by converging routes on Ulster. From Newry to Tanderagee the gunsmith's trade, dull enough mayhap all the rest of the year, grew brisk. Revolvers and blunderbuses, powder and ball, were laid in by every householder; and where, in the large towns, the municipal authorities were "impartial" the metalling of roads and streets was temporarily suspended, and all piles of spare macadam material were carefully removed. It is scarcely an exaggera-

tion to say that in Belfast the town surgeries and public hospitals got ready for "the Twelfth" very much as an Ambulance Corps might prepare for a general action. Every newspaper editor in Great Britain knew what Irish news the wire was sure to bring him for his evening editions of that day or the morning issues of the next. Very often for a week, not seldom for two or three weeks at a time, in the town of Belfast, the capital of Ulster, a savage struggle intermittently raged, and the scenes which disgraced Bristol in 1831 went on from day to day.

It is a familiar story how the executive and the legislature alike have long and vainly striven to avert these disgraceful conflicts. As a Pope was once found to banish the Jesuits, the Order specially established for the militant service of the Church, so did a Protestant Sovereign less than fifty years ago suppress the Orange Society, which loudly proclaimed as its *raison d'être* the maintenance of the House of Brunswick, the Bible, and the Throne. Later on, after the organisation had been reconstituted, the Party Processions Act was passed, forbidding the displays and parades which a whole series of Royal Commissions and official reports had declared to be the sole cause and origin of those periodical scenes of tumult. The fate of all such attempts to cope with the evil merely illustrated anew the futility of endeavouring to suppress religious bigotry or politico-theological fanaticism by Acts of Parliament. In 1867 Mr. William Johnson of Ballykilbeg, the then Grand Master of the Orange Society, gave public notice that on the next "Twelfth" he would openly defy the proscriptive Act. He was as good as his word. He assembled and marched a monster procession of

the brethren in full regalia, with all the incidents and accompaniments specifically forbidden by the statute. He was, no doubt, arrested, tried, convicted of the offence, and sent to Downpatrick gaol to undergo a sentence of six months' imprisonment. But in Ireland the public man, be he Tory or Home Ruler, Orangeman or Land Leaguer, who is sent to gaol for his principles, is marked out for Parliamentary honours. Mr. Johnson's imprisonment led to his triumphant return for Belfast in 1868; and his first and only achievement as a legislator was to enlist the support of the Catholic members in an attempt, ultimately successful, to repeal the Party Processions Act. That statute disappeared in 1870, in the first early glow of that fraternal feeling which the Irish Tory conversion, or affected conversion, to nationality, succeeded in diffusing. For a while it did seem as if even in Ulster the Orange lion was about to lie down with the Popish lamb; but soon it was made clear that if he did, it was only in order that he might devour the lamb the more conveniently. For the first year or two the lists of killed and wounded were greatly reduced; but ere long "the war that for a space did fail, now trebly thundering swelled the gale." The most sanguinary struggle of half a century took place not long subsequently.

In view of all these circumstances one naturally enough inquires what marvellous influence has wrought the pacification or truce of 1881. It is just here that we are confronted with the strangest fact of all. Indeed there may be politicians who would prefer the anniversaries kept in the good old style, however heavy the "butcher's bill," rather than have tranquillity so obtained. Most men, happily, will probably adopt the line of philosophy which counsels us not to look a gift horse in the mouth, and so will rejoice even when they hear the astonishing story that the Land League and Land Leaguism have kept the peace in

Ulster on this occasion. It is now eight months since the Land League conceived the idea of carrying the agrarian agitation into Ulster, and enlisting the sympathies of the "Orange North" in the war against rack-rents and evictions. At first the project was greeted with derision by the Tory landlords. But it was a propitious time for such a venture. As the emigration and eviction returns show, Ulster had been suffering sorely ever since 1876. The depression, each year intensifying, had had the effect of eating into, nay, destroying, the tenant right before the landlord's rent could be made to give way in the least; and rent-raising, especially following upon the Land Act of 1870, had already heavily weighted the farming class in Ulster as elsewhere. "The purse has no politics." Lord Crichton and Lord Belmore beheld with alarm the Land League emissaries received, not with brickbats, but with cheers. "The three F's" or "Every farmer his own landlord" were cries that touched the sympathies, as they affected the pockets, of Orangeman and Papist alike; nor could the Grand Lodge functionaries countervail them in aught by rhapsodies about Brass Money and Wooden Shoes. Orangemen presided at Land League meetings, Orangemen attended as delegates at the Land League Conference. The Rev. Harold Rylett, an Ulster Non-conformist clergyman, was appointed Land League Organiser for the province, and as early as April last it became plain that a truly singular struggle was going forward in the Orange mind, in the minds of the agricultural brethren. The League directory were astute enough to discern their opportunity, and they struck in at the decisive moment with a telling blow. The landlord party, discomfited for the moment, found consolation in the reflection that the "July Anniversaries" would shatter to pieces the union which had so far been established, and they called for a "rousing celebration" this time. The

League trumped this by calling on the Catholics of Ulster to remain within doors on the twelfth, and to avoid all interference with, or notice of, any demonstrations which "their Protestant fellow-tenant farmers" might desire to hold. The result was looked forward to by some with doubt; by many with anxiety. Strange to say the Government were so far persuaded of the League's success that the invariable march of infantry and cavalry on the north was not attempted; and all the available troops were left undisturbed to protect process-servers and seize rent-pigs in Connaught, Leinster, and Munster. The result is before us now. When the morning papers of Wednesday, July the 13th, appeared without the annual announcements of "Desperate Rioting in Belfast: Five Chapels Wrecked," men marvelled greatly, but thought it wise to wait a little. Perhaps the conflagration would break out later on. All Orangemen are not tenant-farmers, and the brethren in the towns would surely stand up for the time-honoured practice with ball-cartridge and paving stones. Not

so, however. One policeman badly wounded, and a Catholic shoemaker shot, in a remote village of Donegal, are the only incidents that have this year marked a period usually given over to the hideous scenes of a sanguinary sectarian war.

It were lamentably to misread the meaning and moral of this remarkable circumstance, to consider it merely as a display of "Land-League tactics," or "Land-League power." It supplies us with a clue to that Irish problem, the first step towards a solution of which the writer has always maintained to be the passing of a just and comprehensive measure of Land Reform. The sense of a common wrong, the hope of a common redress, of a common right to be won, has overwhelmed sectarian feeling, and laid a foundation for future concord, which coercive statutes failed to establish. We shall see even greater miracles wrought by that common charter of justice and liberty, which Irish tenants, North and South, await with hope and confidence.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

BORMUS,

A LINUS SONG.

..... λίρον δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἔειδε
 Λεπτατέρῳ φωνῇ.—*Il.* xviii. 571.

Down from the lifted cornfield trips
 The child with ripe red-berried lips,
 The radiant mountain boy with eyes
 Blue as wet gentians in the shade,
 His golden hair all wet with heat,
 Limp as the meadow-gold new laid ;
 And as a russet fir-cone brown,
 An earthen pitcher gaily swings
 Upon his little shoulder borne,
 Water to fetch from sunless springs ;
 And while the flowers his bare feet brush
 Loud sings he like a mountain thrush.
 Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

By paths that through sweet hay new mown
 Like hillside brooks come leaping down,
 Past silver slabs of morning, where
 The wet crags flash the sunlight back,
 Past the warm runnels in the grass,
 Whose course the purple orchids track,
 And down the shining upland slopes,
 And herby dells all dark with pine,
 Incarnate gladness, leaps the child,
 Still singing like a bird divine,
 His little pattering sunburnt feet
 With bruised meadow spikenard sweet.
 Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

Too soon, ah me, too bitter soon
 He reached the dell unsunned at noon,
 Where in long flutes the water falls
 Into a deep and glimmering pool,
 And struck from out the dripping rocks
 The silver water sparks all cool
 Spangle the chilly cavern-dark,
 And clear cut ferns green fringe the gloom,
 And with continuous sound the air
 Trembles, and all the still perfume,—
 Here came the child for water chill,
 The sultry reapers' thirst to still.
 Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

"Hither, come hither, thou fair child,"
 Loud sang the water voices wild,
 "Come hither, thou delightful boy,
 And tread our cool translucent floors,
 Where never scorching heats may come,
 Nor ever wintry tempest roars;
 Nor the sharp tooth of envious age
 May fret thy beauty with decay,
 And thou grow sad mid wailful men;
 But in thy deathless spring-time stay,
 Made one with our eternal joy,
 For ever an immortal boy."

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

He dipped his pitcher o'er the brink,
 About it dimpling sunlights wink,
 The smooth rill fills its darkling throat
 With hollow tinklings mounting shrill
 And shriller to its thirsty lip;
 But sweeter, wilder, louder still
 The water voices ringing sing;
 And beckon him, and draw him down
 The cool-armed silver-wristed nymphs,
 His warm lips with cold kisses crown;
 And to their chilly bosoms prest,
 He sinks away in endless rest.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

But still in the warm twilight eves,
 Threading the lone moon-silvered sheaves,
 Or where in fragrant dusky heaps
 The dim-seen hay cool scents emits,
 The boy across the darkening hills
 Bearing his little pitcher flits,
 With feet that light as snowflakes fall,
 Nor, passing, stir the feathered grass;
 And sings a song no man may know,
 Of old forgotten things that pass,
 And Love that endeth in a sigh,
 And beauty only born to die.
 Blue cornflowers weep, red poppies sigh,
 For all we love must ever die.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

NOTE.—The "Linus Songs" were sung in the harvest-fields, or in the vineyards at vintage. They were of a tender and melancholy character, with a pathetic burthen, in which all joined, beating time with their feet; and seem to have been inspired by some sort of unconscious sense of sadness over the golden corn laid low and the purpling grapes gathered and crushed. They derive their name from Linus, a beautiful boy brought up among the sheep-folds, and torn to death by wild dogs.

HOW I FOUND THE DOTTEREL'S NEST.

WHERE is the schoolboy who has not a strong love for bird-nesting? Or where is the "old boy" either, who, from amid the bustle and dust of a city life, does not look back on the same pursuit with feelings of the keenest pleasure?

How well we remember that long day about the middle of April, with its treacherous glimpses of sunshine, alternating with showers of sleet, when, high up in the wooded glen, where everything was bare and brown, except the mosses and the young ferns, the huge dome-shaped nest of the water ouzel was found, stuck in a cranny of rock, close by the rush of water falling into the big linn.

Or that other day on the purple moor, with its scattered rushy tarns, its stretches of green bracken, its wide view of wooded plain and distant hill, and above, the deep sky with Alpine scenery of snowy cloud, where after long searching the eggs of the golden plover and curlew were first added to the growing collection.

"Though absent long
These forms of beauty have not been to us
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye.
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, we have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet—
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into our purer mind
With tranquil restoration."

But why need I further preface my description of a single day's excursion among the hills by descanting on the beauties of nature? every one of my readers must have memories of like days, whether undertaken in pursuit of sport or scenery.

I had been staying at Braemar in Aberdeenshire for several days, making excursions to the tops of the highest hills in the vicinity, searching for the summer haunts of the snow-

bunting. Two days had been spent wandering over the broad rounded shoulders of Ben Muic Dhui. Two more days saw me sitting shivering in the "Barren Hollow" which lies between the lofty peak of Cairn Toul and the Braeriach cliffs; while two nights, of three other days, threw their shadows on me, as I nestled in a cranny of rock at the foot of one of the huge crags which rise a thousand feet high from the white pebbled edge of "dark Lochnagar."

One evening, tired of the long lonely unsuccessful hunt, I bethought me of an old promise my gamekeeper friend, Donald of Loch Callater, had made, that he would guide me over the Glas Maol range into a wild spot said to be frequented by the dotterel. This Glas Maol range was quite a *terra incognita* to me, and even if unsuccessful in finding the nest, I should see new ground, and have a companion for the day.

Allow me, before I start, to give some idea of what the dotterel is. This bird is the most beautiful of our British plovers, and one of the rarest. Two well-known naturalists published, in a recent work on the "Birds of Europe," an account of taking the nest of the dotterel ten years ago. They had a very good knowledge of the different breeding stations of the bird in Scotland, and as the result of their many excursions into its haunts, they state that not more than a dozen pairs can breed in this country.

Here and there among the hills, far from all signs of human habitation, nay, of life itself, are ghastly stretches of dreary bog: where solitude wrapped in a gray mantle of mist holds undisputed reign; spots of dreary death and desolation, wept over by the driving rain, and swept by cold and wintry blasts. In such spots as these

the summer haunts of the dotterel must be sought.

But to return. Having quickly decided to go, I threw a telescope over my shoulder, and, stick-gun in hand, set out. Two hours' hard walking brought me in sight of Donald's hut. This hut or shieling is built near the edge of a dark Highland loch, at the head of a dreary glen with high hills on all sides. Built of rough gray stones and thatched with heather, it seems part and parcel of the wild moorland on which it is built.

When I entered the kitchen, it was empty and silent, but for the loud monotonous tick of a clock which stood in one corner. The room was almost dark. A peat fire which smouldered in the huge fireplace, now and then flickered into flame, throwing out ruddy gleams of light. The light shone on the low smoke-blackened ceiling, and glanced off the polished stone floor.

On one side the rows of shining plates ranged against the wall on narrow shelves were bathed in the warm colour, and on the other the light was reflected from a small square window, through which a patch of gray sky and the dark hill side could be dimly seen.

In the centre of the room stood a wooden table, on which lay an opened book, and a half-finished stocking. This and a child's doll, lying on the floor in front of the fire, were evident signs of recent habitation.

As I stood there, admiring the play of colour in the fire-lit room, Donald's wife, who was still awake, welcomed me from a dark recess at the end of the room furthest from the fire, apologised for having retired to bed so early, and saying, as she awoke her husband, that Donald was getting up. This Donald proceeded to do, and coming out of the gloom, in a very sleepy condition, he lit a lamp and asked me to sit down. I took the proffered seat, and then asked him if he could go over the Glas Maol next day. He was afraid not, as there were

turnips to be sown. Here the wife, good body, said very quietly from her dark corner, "Don't you think, Donald, you could leave the neeps over for a day and go with Mr. Bruce?" It was settled.

Donald and I talked for about an hour by the peat fire. These Highland peasants are delightfully curious and inquisitive about what is going on outside their own little world, and are most attentive listeners. There is nothing they like better than to have a long day on the hills with a stranger, if only the stranger be communicative. They dislike going with more than one, as Donald once said to me anent a famous botanist: "I once took Dr. — and a friend of his up Loch-nagar; he was a bit withered-up-looking body, and took no more notice of me than a blind man does of his dog, but kept on stringing off long nebbed Latin words to his friend, about the bit mosses and plants they gathered."

When our talk was over, Donald took me to the other room where I was to sleep. This was the best room of the house, and was carpeted with soft deer skins. In one corner stood a chest of drawers, on the top of which were two large stuffed birds, and the keeper's small collection of books.

The stuffed birds were both birds of prey. One a beautiful female peregrine, or, as Donald called it, the "blue or real game hawk"; the other, an immature specimen of that rarest of British birds, mis-called the common kite. "When did you shoot the kite, Donald?" I asked. "Well, sir, I shot it one Sunday morning," replied the keeper. "I had on the breeks and was just going to kirk with the wife. I was in the house when I heard the wife cry to me, 'Man Donald, come out and see the muckle birdie!'"

Donald then went on to relate how he ran out and saw the large bird hovering within thirty yards of him. It then sailed slowly round a large field and came back again within shot.

This was too much for the sport-loving Donald. With a little bad Gaelic word he said, "Do you that again, and I'll give you something to carry away from Loch Callater."

He then ran into the kitchen, and picked his loaded gun off its perch above the door. The bird repeated the same manœuvre, again came quite close, when Donald, aiming under one of its wings, brought it down quite dead. He carried the dead bird into the kitchen where he found his wife trying to read the Bible through her tears. "Eh man, Donald," said the good woman, "and could you no have let alane the birdie that was so tame kennin it was the sabbath?"

Early next morning, after having breakfasted off a delicious salmon, which Donald had caught that morning at daybreak, in the burn near the shieling, we started for the haunts of the dotterel. As we were sure to have a long and toilsome day, the good wife had amply provided each of us with a large parcel of newly-baked scones and huge slices of salmon.

Donald led the way up the steep hill side with the elastic step of a born mountaineer. I toiled after him for the first mile or two speechless and breathless, caring for nothing but to keep up with him, and listening to the loud throb of my overtaxed heart.

The path we at first pursued had been famous in time gone by as that by which the smugglers of the district had travelled to dispose of their whisky. When we reached the top of the first hill, we sat down to enable me to regain breath.

What a glorious stretch of wooded plain and lofty mountain lay spread out before us, shining in the early morning sun! In the foreground the steep hill side, clothed in brown heather and the greenest of bracken, with here and there huge boulders of granite covered with bright-coloured mosses. At our feet lay the little lake, one half of which showed like liquid silver, as the sunbeams danced

and played on the tiny rippling wavelets. The other end looked dark and dismal from the reflection of the black rocks as they rose in precipices from its margin.

In the middle distance stretched the well-wooded plain in which Braemar stands. An amber-coloured stream, fringed with hazel trees and oak copse, wound through it, while on either side were bright corn fields, with a red-roofed farmhouse at intervals.

In the distance rose the mountains, ridge beyond ridge, like huge waves, the lowest covered to their summits by silver-stemmed birches and green larch trees; those higher, with dark pines climbing their sides, and towering above all, the huge, snow-crowned, serrated peaks of Ben Muic Dhui and Cairn Toul.

The valley below us had once been thickly peopled, and we could still plainly see the grass-grown mounds marking the spots where the huts of the peasantry had stood. But now in the lonely glen, instead of the voices of children at play on the hill sides, nothing is heard but the bleating of sheep, the shepherd calling in his dog, and in the autumn the sharp report of the breechloader, as the bonny red-grouse falls, scattering its feathers over the purple heather.

But we feel less sad when we think that these vanished Highland peasants or their sons are now prosperous farmers in the "far west," removed from danger of famine and its accompanying miseries. For famine in these glens was of common occurrence. Every hill round about has its tradition or legend. For example that low hill lying over there about four miles to the north-east, is called Cairn Taggart, or the Priest's hill.

The story connected with it is, that one spring the snow remained so long that the inhabitants of the glen, pinched with famine, determined to leave in a body. On this the priest made his way through the snow to the top of Cairn Taggart, where he spent some time in prayer, and saw before

he left, like a second Elijah, on the distant horizon, signs of a coming change. On getting down again, almost dead with fatigue and benumbed with cold, he besought the people to remain one more day. They obeyed, and in a few hours the thaw began.

As we walked on the weather changed. A thick mist came rolling down, accompanied by a bitter cold wind, and blotted out everything. Hour after hour we tramped on. I was wondering how Donald kept the right direction, and coming at this moment to what I thought a mere patch of snow, several of which we had crossed, I carelessly stepped on to it, and was about to make another step, when suddenly my arm was grasped, and I was dragged back so violently as to fall. Looking up at Donald I saw he was pale, and trembling violently. In a few seconds, when he had regained his power of articulation, he said, "That was a near shave, sir; another step and you were over the Canlochan Craggs." He had gone off the right track, and the patch in front was the narrow rim of snow which clings to the top of the crags for many weeks after most of the snow round about has disappeared.

We sat down, and although I tried to speak lightly of the circumstance, it was not till the application of some brandy from my flask that Donald regained his wonted colour.

These Canlochan crags are huge precipices which form a semi-circle of about two miles in extent, and are still much frequented by eagles.

In a few minutes a glimpse of sunshine shone through the mist, and in a short time it was broken up, and sent rolling in eddying masses, reflecting the most brilliant rainbow colours, as it passed away lit up by the bright sun, and disclosing the whole line of cliffs. Suddenly a great black bird rose from the edge of the crags, in a short time another, and following on it a third. Donald whispered "the eagles." I got out the telescope and watched the huge majestic birds soar-

ing round in great circles, up, up, till out of sight to the naked eye. They seemed to rise without any exertion, their broad sail-like wings slightly inclined upwards. The birds formed a most fitting adjunct to the wild scene, as they sailed slowly round in spiral flight on almost motionless pinions.

Sail on ye noble birds, may many winters bleach the rugged brow of Cairn Gorm over which you are floating, and many wintry winds blow the light and feathery snow over these rugged Canlochan Craggs, e'er the ruthless hand of man robs you of life or liberty!

As I was, with, let me hope the pardonable enthusiasm of youth, inwardly apostrophising the birds in this manner, I heard the practical Donald whisper excitedly, "Eh man, if I had only the rifle instead of this shot gun, I might get one of them. I have tried to shoot one for the last five years, ever since Mr. P—— of Liverpool offered me five guineas for a dead eagle."

Skirting the edge of the cliffs for about a mile, we struck off, and began to ascend the rough stony summit of the Glasha, which lay immediately in front of us. Near the top this hill side is covered with rough masses of gray granite, hard, angular and uncouth. The dismal gray colour of the stones, is enlivened and relieved, however, by the brilliant yellow and white lichens spreading over their surfaces, and here and there between the stones, patches of dark green moss. The only inhabitant of this dismal wilderness of stones is the Ptarmigan. What a hoarse croaking cry they have as they sit perched on some large block of granite, or fly low down along the hill side with rapid beats of their stiff white wings. One favourite amusement of the Ptarmigan is to shoot up suddenly into the air in a slanting direction, and after reaching a considerable height, to sink rapidly down again, almost perpendicularly, with outstretched wings. The male is a gallant fellow, and when

perched on a stone will allow you to approach within a few feet of him, but as soon as his mate springs up, away he goes with a complacent croak. Here we found a Ptarmigan's nest, with the female sitting on the eggs; she remained on the nest as we stood by, and allowed me to introduce one finger under her, so as to feel the eggs, before she flew off.

As it was now well on in the afternoon, and we had been toiling all day, I asked Donald if we were still far from the dotterel ground, and was relieved by being told we had only one more mile to walk.

After we had descended the other side of the Glasha, I saw at a glance that here at last was ground suitable for the dotterel. Who could paint the desolation of the scene? A thin driving mist obscured the sky and the more distant objects. In front of us ran a long ridge which rose gradually into the broad rounded summit of the Glas Maol. This ridge was not covered with stones, but with a thick layer of gray woolly moss and stunted sedge. Here and there a large, damp, black patch of peat bog. On the right hand lay a steep stony corrie, and on the left the ridge sloped gradually down to the edge of a line of precipices. All was still and silent as the grave, but for the mournful sigh of the north-east wind as it swept gloomily over the cold, dank, dismal waste.

Here we separated in order to beat the ground, Donald keeping along the centre of the ridge, while I, every sense keenly awake, held on about fifty paces to his right. After we had proceeded in this way for some time, I was attracted by the tinkling note of a small bird coming from the edge of the corrie. Surprised at the sound, and thinking it might be the long-looked-for snow-bunting, also a lover of the desolate, I turned to the right and walked in the direction of the sound. Before I had advanced many paces, I saw a brown bird rise from the middle of a patch of stones, near the edge of the corrie, and go shuffling

off, trailing its wings on the ground as if wounded.

At my signal Donald came running up and saw the bird just as it disappeared over the edge. He at once pronounced it to be the dotterel. After a little search I found the eggs, lying in a slight hollow, between two stones. They were rather smaller than the eggs of the lapwing, and marked with large distinct patches of dark brown on a grayish yellow ground. The nest, if nest it could be called, was a mere hollow among the stones, lined with a few pieces of the broken stalks of carex. These pieces of sedge might have been placed there by the bird, or merely there by accident, as several stunted plants grew within a few feet.

I shall not attempt to describe our enthusiasm at this moment. While I sat among the stones, Donald, forgetting his Highland sobriety of demeanour, went capering about like a mad goat, alternately congratulating me in English and himself in Gaelic.

It was the first nest of this bird he had seen, although he had been on the outlook for many years, having been repeatedly offered large bribes for the bird and eggs.

Being desirous of again seeing the bird, we ensconced ourselves near the top of a slight eminence, which overlooked the patch of stones, about fifty paces distant. After lying exactly half an hour the dotterel suddenly appeared at some little distance on the other side of the nest.

On account of her similarity in colour to the moss-covered ground, it was impossible to make her out except when in motion. Fixing the telescope on her I followed her various manoeuvres with ease. These consisted of little runs of two or three yards with lowered head and crouching body. Then a pause for a few seconds, now and then picking up a beetle or grub.

In this way she proceeded, keeping at the same distance from the nest, till she had almost completed half a circle. Then in the same manner she

went towards the nest, till within a few feet, when throwing aside all cunning she raised her head and ran up to it. She seemed to give a sigh of relief as she settled herself down cosily on the yet untouched eggs, and then remained motionless.

There she sat with her shapely head and slender bill turned towards us, and her bright black eye glancing in our direction. With the glass I could make out the colours of her plumage to perfection. Her head and back were of a dark brown, each feather having a broad margin of yellow. Above the eyes a strip of pure white, and a broad band of the same colour, margined by black, formed a collar round the lower part of her neck, below which the breast was bright red.

I gazed my fill at the bright, beautiful bird sitting motionless among the grey stones. It was the only form of beauty in the wild and weird landscape.

Then we held a council of war as to whether the bird should be shot or not. I was strongly opposed to it, knowing its extremeness. Donald, on the other hand, would have the bird. What was the good of it, he asked, rare or not rare, if no one ever saw it? whereas if he had it, he would use some of its

feathers to busk hooks with, and I could take the skin down south, and many people would then have the pleasure of seeing it; and he ended by saying, "If you don't shoot the bird, I shall," and he picked up his breech-loader. "In that case I had better do it with the stick-gun," I said, "as it won't mark the bird so much."

So with many a qualm of conscience, I crept noiselessly towards the bird. When within a few yards of her I rose—the dotterel rose also—a loud report and the beautiful little creature lay dead among the gray stones. It was melancholy to think as I picked up the dead thing, that this was the outcome of my constant inveighing against the reprehensible habit of shooting our rare indigenous birds.

As we shortly afterwards quitted the spot, its loneliness seemed increased twofold. Several hours hard walking brought us shortly after nightfall to Donald's hut. After partaking of the good wife's hospitality, I started for my inn at Braemar. It was a wild and stormy night, the hurrying moon showing at intervals through ragged rifts in the driving clouds; but little recked I, for had not the dotterel's nest been found and taken?

DAVID BRUCE

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

THE materials for the life of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley have been left entirely in the hands of literary executors, who, for the present, can allow no reference to them. But I have been asked to tell from recollection, and from the scanty materials at my own disposal, what I remember of a cousin who was the most intimate friend of my childhood and boyhood, and whose life was long interwoven with my own.

There are few country places in England which possess such a singular charm as Alderley. All who have lived in it have loved it, and to the Stanley family it has ever presented the ideal of that which is most interesting and beautiful. There the usually flat pasture lands of Cheshire rise suddenly into the rocky ridge of Alderley Edge, with its Holy Well under an overhanging cliff, its gnarled pine trees, and its storm-beaten beacon tower ready to give notice of an invasion, looking far over the green plain to the smoke of Stockport and Macclesfield, which indicates the presence of great towns on the horizon. Beautiful are the beech woods which clothe the western side of the Edge, and feather over mossy lawns to the mere, which receives a reflection of their gorgeous autumnal tints, softened by a blue haze on its still waters.

Beyond the mere and Lord Stanley's park, on the edge of the pasture-lands, are the church and its surroundings—a wonderfully harmonious group, encircled by trees, with the old timbered inn of "The Eagle and Child" at the corner of the lane which turns up to them. In later times the church itself has undergone a certain amount of "restoration," but sixty years ago it was marvellously picturesque, its chancel mantled in ivy of massy folds, which, while they concealed the rather in-

different architecture, had a glory of their own very different to the clipped, ill-used ivy which we generally see on such buildings; but the old clock-tower, the outside stone staircase leading to the Park pew, the crowded groups of large square, lichen-stained grave-stones, the disused font in the churchyard overhung by a yew tree, and the gable-ended schoolhouse at the gate, built of red sandstone, with gray copings and mullioned windows, were the same.

Close by was the rectory, with its garden—the "Dutch Garden," of manylabyrinthine flower-beds—joining the churchyard. A low house, with a verandah, forming a wide balcony for the upper story, where bird-cages hung amongst the roses; its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and the old carved oak furniture, usually little sought or valued in those days, but which the rector delighted to pick up amongst his cottages.

This rector, Edward Stanley, younger brother of the Sir John who was living at the Park, was a little man, active in figure and in movement, with dark, piercing eyes, rendered more remarkable by the snow-white hair which was his characteristic even when very young. With the liveliest interest on all subjects—political, philosophical, scientific, theological; with inexhaustible plans for the good of the human race in general, but especially for the benefit of his parishioners and the amusement of his seven nieces at the Park, he was the most popular character in the country-side. To children he was indescribably delightful. There was nothing that he was not supposed to know—and indeed who was there who knew more?—of insect life, of the ways and habits of birds, of fossils and where to find them, of drawing, of etching on wood and litho-

graphing on stone, of plants and gardens, of the construction of ships and boats, and of the thousand home manufactures of which he was a complete master.

In his thirty-first year Edward Stanley had married Catherine, eldest daughter of Oswald Leycester, afterwards rector of Stoke-upon-Terne, of an old Cheshire family, which, through many generations, had been linked with that of the Stanleys in the intimacy of friendship and neighbourhood, for Toft, the old seat of the Leycesters and the pleasantest of family homes, was only a few miles from Alderley.

At the time of her engagement Catherine Leycester was only sixteen, and eighteen at the time of her marriage, but from childhood she had been accustomed to form her own character by thinking, reading, and digesting what she read. Owing to her mother's ill health she had very early in life had the responsibility of educating and training her sister, who was much younger than herself. She was the best of listeners, fixing her eyes upon the speaker, but saying little herself, so that her old uncle, Hugh Leycester, used to assert of her, "Kitty has much sterling gold, but gives no ready change." To the frivolity of an ordinary acquaintance, her mental superiority and absolute self-possession of manner must always have made her somewhat alarming; but those who had the opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface were not less astonished at her originality and freshness of ideas, and her keen, though quiet, enjoyment of life, its pursuits and friendships, than by the calm wisdom of her advice, and her power of penetration into the characters, and consequently the temptations and difficulties, of others.

In the happy home of Alderley Rectory her five children were brought up. Her eldest son, Owen, had from the first shown that interest in all things relating to ships and naval affairs which had been his father's natural inclination in early life; and the

youngest, Charles, from an early age had turned his hopes to the profession of a Royal Engineer, in which he afterwards became distinguished. Arthur, the second boy, born December 13, 1815, was always delicate, so delicate that it was scarcely hoped at first he would live to grow up. From his earliest childhood, his passion for poetry, and historical studies of every kind, gave promise of a literary career, and engaged his mother's unwearied interest in the formation of his mind and character. A pleasant glimpse of the home life at Alderley in May, 1818, is given in a letter from Mrs. Stanley to her sister, Maria Leycester:—

"How I have enjoyed these fine days,—and one's pleasure is doubled, or rather I should say trebled, in the enjoyment of the three little children basking in the sunshine on the lawns and picking up daisies and finding new flowers every day,—and in seeing Arthur expand like one of the flowers in the fine weather. Owen trots away to school at nine o'clock every morning, with his Latin grammar under his arm, leaving Mary with a strict charge to unfurl his flag, which he leaves carefully furled, through the little Gothic gate, as soon as the clock strikes twelve. So Mary unfurls the flag and then watches till Owen comes in sight, and as soon as he spies her signal, he sets off full gallop towards it, and Mary creeps through the gate to meet him, and then comes with as much joy to announce Owen's being come back, as if he was returned from the North Pole. Meanwhile I am sitting with the doors open into the trellice, so that I can see and hear all that passes."

In the same year, after an absence, Mrs. Stanley wrote:—

"ALDERLEY, Sept. 14, 1818.—What happy work it was getting home! The little things were as happy to see us as we could desire. They all came dancing out, and clung round me, and kissed me by turns, and were certainly more delighted than they had ever been before to see us again. They had not only not forgot us, but not forgot a bit about us. Everything that we had done and said and written was quite fresh and present to their minds, and I should be assured in vain that all my trouble in writing to them was thrown away. Arthur is grown so interesting, and so entertaining too,—he talks incessantly, runs about, and amuses himself, and is full of pretty speeches, repartees, and intelligence: the dear little creature would not leave me, or stir without holding my hand, and he knew all that had been going on quite as much as the others.

He is more like Owen than ever, only softer, more affectionate, and not what you call 'so fine a boy.'

When he was four years old, we find his mother writing to her sister:—

"January 30, 1820.—As for the children, my Arthur is sweeter than ever. His drawing fever goes on, and his passion for pictures and birds, and he will talk sentiment to Mademoiselle about *le printemps, les oiseaux, and les fleurs*, when he walks out. When we went to Highlake, he asked—quite gravely—whether it would not be good for his little wooden horse to have some sea-bathing!"

And again, in the following summer:—

"ALDERLEY, July 6, 1820.—I have been taking a domestic walk with the three children and the pony to Owen's favourite cavern, Mary and Arthur taking it in turns to ride. Arthur was sorely puzzled between his fear and his curiosity. Owen and Mary, full of adventurous spirit, went with Mademoiselle to explore. Arthur stayed with me and the pony, but when I said I would go, he said, colouring, he would go, he thought: 'But, Mamma, do you think there are any wild dogs in the cavern?' Then we picked up various specimens of cobalt, &c., and we carried them in a basket, and we called at Mrs. Barber's, and we got some string, and we tied the basket to the pony with some trouble, and we got home very safe, and I finished the delights of the evening by reading *Paul and Virginia* to Owen and Mary, with which they were much delighted, and so was I. "You would have given a good deal for a peep at Arthur this evening, making hay with all his little strength—such a beautiful colour, and such soft animation in his blue eyes."

It was often remarked that Mrs. Stanley's children were different from those of any one else; but this was not to be wondered at. Their mother not only taught them their lessons, she learnt all their lessons with them. Whilst other children were plodding through dull histories of disconnected countries and ages, of which they were unutterably weary at the time, and of which they remembered nothing afterwards, Mrs. Stanley's system was to take a particular era, and, upon the basis of its general history, to pick out for her children from different books, whether memoirs, chronicles, or poetry, all that bore upon it, making it at once an interesting study to herself and them, and talking it over with

them in a way which encouraged them to form their own opinion upon it, to have theories as to how such and such evils might have been forestalled or amended, and so to fix it in their recollection.

To an imaginative child, Alderley was the most delightful place possible, and whilst Owen Stanley delighted in the clear brook which dashes through the rectory garden for the ships of his own manufacture—then as engrossing as the fitting out of the *Ariel* upon the mere in later boyhood—little Arthur revelled in the legends of the neighbourhood—of its wizard of Alderley Edge, with a hundred horses sleeping in an enchanted cavern, and of the church bell which fell down a steep hill into Rostherne Mere, and which is tolled by a mermaid when any member of a great neighbouring family is going to die.

Being the poet of the little family, Arthur Stanley generally put his ideas into verse, and there are lines of his written at eleven years old, on seeing the sunrise from the top of Alderley church tower, and at twelve years old, on witnessing the departure of the *Ganges*, bearing his brother Owen, from Spithead, which give evidence of poetical power, more fully evinced two years later in his longer poems on *The Druids* and on *The Maniac of Betharran*. When he was old enough to go to school, his mother wrote an amusing account of the turn-out of his pockets and desk before leaving home, and the extraordinary collection of crumpled scraps of poetry which were found there. In March, 1821, Mrs. Stanley wrote:—

"Arthur is in great spirits and looks, well prepared to do honour to the jacket and trousers preparing for him. He is just now opposite to me, lying on the sofa reading Miss Edgeworth's *Frank* to himself (his lesson being concluded) most eagerly. I must tell you his moral deductions from *Frank*. The other day, as I was dressing, Arthur, Charlie, and Elizabeth were playing in the passage. I heard a great crash, which turned out to be Arthur running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and coming against the window, at the end of the passage, so as to break three

panes. He was not hurt, but I heard Elizabeth remonstrating with him on the crime of breaking windows, to which he answered with great *sang-froid*, 'Yes, but you know Frank's mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broke than that Frank should tell a lie: so now I can go and tell Mamma, and then I shall be like Frank.' I did not make my appearance, so when the door opened for the *entrée* after dinner, Arthur came in first in something of a bustle, with cheeks as red as fire, and eyes looking—as his eyes do look,—saying the instant the door opened, 'Mamma! I have broke three panes of glass in the passage window!—and I tell you now 'cause I was afraid to forget.' I am not sure whether there is not a very inadequate idea left on his mind as to the sin of glass-breaking, and that he rather thought it a fine thing having the opportunity of coming to tell Mamma something like Frank; however, there was some little effort, *vide* the agitation and red cheeks, so we must not be hypercritical."

After he was eight years old, Mrs. Stanley, who knew the interest and capacity of her little Arthur about everything, was much troubled by his becoming so increasingly shy, that he never would speak if he could help it, even when he was alone with her, and she dreaded that the companionship of other boys at school, instead of drawing him out, would only make him shut himself up more in himself. Still, in the frequent visits which his parents paid to the sea-side at Highlake, he always recovered his lost liveliness of manner and movement, climbed merrily up the sandhills, and was never tired in mind or body. It was therefore a special source of rejoicing when it was found that Mr. Rawson, the vicar of Seaforth (a place five miles from Liverpool, and only half a mile from the sea), had a school for nine little boys, and thither in 1824 it was decided that Arthur should be sent. In August, his young aunt wrote:—

"Arthur liked the idea of going to school as making him approach nearer to Owen. We took him last Sunday evening from Crosby, and he kept up very well till we were to part, but when he was to separate from us to join his new companions he clung to us in a piteous manner, and burst into tears. Mr. Rawson very good-naturedly offered to walk with us a little way, and walk back with Arthur, which

he liked better, and he returned with Mr. R. very manfully. On Monday evening we went to have a look at him before leaving the neighbourhood, and found the little fellow as happy as possible, much amused with the novelty of the situation, and talking of the boys' proceedings with as much importance as if he had been there for months. He wished us good-bye in a very firm tone, and we have heard since from his Uncle Penrhyn that he had been spending some hours with him, in which he laughed and talked incessantly of all that he did at school. He is very proud of being called 'Stanley,' and seems to like it altogether very much. The satisfaction to Mamma and Auntie is not to be told of having disposed of this little sylph in so excellent a manner. Every medical man has always said that a few years of constant sea-air would make him quite strong, and to find this united to so desirable a master as Mr. R., and so careful and kind a protectress as Mrs. R., is being very fortunate."

In the following summer the same pen writes from Alderley to one of the family:—

"*July, 1825.*—You know how dearly I love all these children, and it has been such a pleasure to see them all so happy together. Owen, the hero upon whom all their little eyes were fixed, and the delicate Arthur able to take his own share of boyish amusements with them, and telling out his little store of literary wonders to Charlie and Catherine. School has not transformed him into a rough boy yet. He is a little less shy, but not much. He brought back from school a beautiful prize book for history, of which he is not a little proud; and Mr. Rawson has told several people, unconnected with the Stanleys, that he never had a more amiable, attentive, or clever boy than Arthur Stanley, and that he never has had to find fault with him since he came. My sister finds, in examining him, that he not only knows what he has learnt himself, but that he picks up all the knowledge gained by the other boys in their lessons, and can tell what each boy in the school has read, &c. His delight in reading *Madoc* and *Thalaba* is excessive."

In the following year, Miss Leycester writes:—

"*Stoke, August 26, 1826.*—My Alderley children are more interesting than ever. Arthur is giving Mary quite a literary taste, and is the greatest advantage to her possible, for they are now quite inseparable companions, reading, drawing, and writing together. Arthur has written a poem on the Life of a peacock-butterfly in the Spenserian stanza, with all the old words, with references to Chaucer, &c., at the bottom of the page! To be sure it would be singular if they were not different from other children, with the advant-

ages they have where education is made so interesting and amusing as it is to them . . . I never saw anything equal to Arthur's memory and quickness in picking up knowledge ; seeming to have just the sort of intuitive sense of everything relating to books that Owen had in ships,—and then there is such affection and sweetness of disposition in him. . . . You will not be tired of all this detail of those so near my heart. It is always such a pleasure to me to write of the rectory, and I can always do it better when I am away from it and it rises before my mental vision."

The summer of 1826 was marked for the Stanleys by the news of the death of their beloved friend Reginald Heber, and by the marriage of Isabella Stanley to Captain Parry, the Arctic voyager, an event at which "his mother could not resist sending for her little Arthur to be present." Meantime he was happy at school and wrote long histories home of all that took place there, especially amused with his drilling serjeant, who told him to "put on a bold, swaggering air, and not to look sheepish." But each time of his return to Alderley, he seemed shyer than ever, and his mother became increasingly concerned at his want of boyishness.

"January 27, 1828.—Oh, it is so difficult to know how to manage Arthur. He takes having to learn dancing so terribly to heart, and enacts Prince Pitiful; and will, I am afraid, do no good at it. Then he thinks I do not like his reading because I try to draw him *also* to other things, and so he reads by stealth and lays down his book when he hears people coming; and having no other pursuits or anything he cares for but reading, has a listless look, and I am sure he is very often unhappy. I suspect, however, that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than boy."

In January, 1828, Mrs. Stanley wrote to Augustus W. Hare, long an intimate friend of the family, and soon about to marry her sister:—

"I have Arthur at home, and I have rather a puzzling card to play with him—how not to encourage too much his poetical tastes, and to spoil him, in short—and yet how not to discourage what in reality one wishes to grow, and what he, being timid and shy to a degree, would easily be led to shut up entirely to himself; and then he suffers so much from a laudable desire to be with other boys, and yet when with them, finds his incapacity to enter

into their pleasures of shooting, hunting, horses, and theirs for his. He will be happier as a man, as literary men are more within reach than literary boys."

In the following month she wrote—

"ALDERLEY, February 8, 1828.—Now I am going to ask your opinion and advice, and perhaps your assistance, on my own account. We are beginning to consider what is to be done with Arthur, and it will be time for him to be moved from his small school in another year, when he will be thirteen. We have given up all thoughts of Eton for him from the many objections, combined with the great expense. Now I want to ask your opinion about Shrewsbury, Rugby, and Winchester; do you think, from what you know of Arthur's character and capabilities, that Winchester would suit him, and *vice versa*?"

In answer to this Augustus Hare wrote to her from Naples:—

"March 26, 1828.—Are you aware that the person of all others fitted to get on with boys is just elected master of Rugby? His name is Arnold. He is a Wykehamist and Fellow of Oriel, and a particular friend of mine—a man calculated beyond all others to engraft modern scholarship and modern improvements on the old-fashioned stem of a public education. Winchester under him would be the best school in Europe; what Rugby may turn out I cannot say, for I know not the materials he has there to work on."

A few weeks later he added—

"FLORENCE, April 19, 1828.—I am so little satisfied with what I said about Arthur in my last letter, that I am determined to begin with him and do him more justice. What you describe him now to be, I once was; and I have myself suffered too much and too often from my inferiority in strength and activity to boys who were superior to me in nothing else, not to feel very deeply for any one in a similar state of school-forwardness and bodily weakness. Parents in general are too anxious to push their children on in school and other learning. If a boy happens not to be robust, it is laying up for him a great deal of pain and mortification. For a boy must naturally associate with others in the same class: and consequently, if he happens to be forward beyond his years, he is thrown at twelve (with perhaps the strength of only eleven or ten) into the company of boys two years older and probably three or four years stronger (for boobies are always stout of limb). You may conceive what wretchedness this is likely to lead to, in a state of society like a school, where might almost necessarily makes right. But it is not only at school that such things lead to mortification. There are

a certain number of manly exercises which every gentleman, at some time or other of his life, is likely to be called on to perform, and many a man who is deficient in these, would gladly purchase dexterity in them, if he could, at the price of those mental accomplishments which have cost him in boyhood the most pains to acquire. Who would not rather ride well at twenty-five, than write the prettiest Latin verses? I am perfectly impartial in this respect, being able to do neither, and therefore my judgment is likely enough to be correct. So pray during the holidays make Arthur ride hard and shoot often, and, in short, gymnasticise in every possible manner. I have said thus much to relieve my own mind, and convey to you how earnestly I feel on the subject. Otherwise I know Alderley and its inhabitants too well to suspect any one of them of being, what Wordsworth calls 'an intellectual all-in-all.' About his school, were Rugby under any other master, I certainly should not advise your thinking of it for Arthur for an instant; as it is, the decision will be more difficult. When Arnold has been there ten years, he will have made it a good school, perhaps in some respects the very best in the island; but a transition state is always one of doubt and delicacy. Winchester is admirable for those it succeeds with, but it is not adapted for all sorts and conditions of boys, and sometimes fails. However, when I come to England, I will make a point of seeing Arthur, when I shall be a little better able perhaps to judge."

In the summer of 1828 Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, with her sister Maria and her niece Lucy Stanley, from the Park, went by sea to Bordeaux and for a tour in the Pyrenees, taking little Arthur and his sister Mary with them. It was his first experience of foreign travel, and most intense was his enjoyment of it. All was new then, and Mr. Stanley wrote of the children as being almost as much intoxicated with delight on first landing at Bordeaux as their faithful maid, Sarah Burgess, who "thinks life's fitful dream is past, and that she has, by course of transmigration, passed into a higher sphere." It is recollected how, when he first saw the majestic summit of the Pic du Midi rising above a mass of cloud, Arthur Stanley, in his great ecstasy, could say nothing but "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

In the following October Mrs. Stanley described her boy's peculiari-

ties to Dr. Arnold, and asked his candid advice as to how far Rugby was likely to suit him. After receiving his answer she wrote to her sister—

"October 10, 1828.—Dr. Arnold's letter has decided us about Arthur. I should think there was not another schoolmaster in his Majesty's dominions who would write such a letter. It is so lively, agreeable, and promising in all ways. He is just the man to take a fancy to Arthur, and for Arthur to take a fancy to."

It was just as his mother had foreseen. Arthur Stanley went to Rugby in the following January, and was immediately captivated by his new master. His parents visited him two months afterwards as they were returning from Cheshire to London. Mrs. Stanley wrote to her sister—

"March, 1829.—We arrived at Rugby exactly at twelve, waited to see the boys pass, and soon spied Arthur with his books on his shoulder. He coloured up and came in, looking very well, but cried a good deal on seeing us, chiefly I think from nervousness. The only complaint he had to make was that of having no friend, and the feeling of loneliness belonging to that want, and this, considering what he is and what boys of his age usually are, would and must be the case anywhere. We went to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, and they are of the same opinion, that he was as well off and as happy as he could be at a public school, and on the whole I am satisfied—quite satisfied considering all things, for Dr. and Mrs. Arnold are indeed delightful. She was ill, but still animated and lively. He has a very remarkable countenance, something in forehead, and again in manner, which puts me in mind of Reginald Heber, and there is a mixture of zeal, energy, and determination tempered with wisdom, candour, and benevolence, both in manner and in everything he says. He had examined Arthur's class, and said Arthur had done very well, and the class generally. He said he was gradually reforming, but that it was like pasting down a piece of paper—as fast as one corner was put down another started up. 'Yes,' said Mrs. A., 'but Dr. Arnold always thinks the corner will not start again.' And it is that happy sanguine temperament which is so particularly calculated to do well in this or, indeed, any situation."

Arthur Stanley soon became very happy at Rugby. His want of a friend was speedily supplied, and many of the friends of his whole after life dated from his early school-days,

especially Charles Vaughan, afterwards his intimate companion, eventually his brother-in-law. His rapid removal into the shell at Easter, and into the fifth form at Midsummer, brought him nearer to the head master, at the same time freeing him from the terrors of preceptors and fagging, and giving him entrance to the library. So he returned to Alderley in the summer holidays well and prosperous, speaking out, and full of peace and happiness, ready to enjoy "striding about upon the lawn on stilts" with his brother and sisters. On his return to school his mother continued to hear of his progress in learning, but derived even more pleasure from his accounts of football, and of a hare-and-hounds hunt in which he "got left behind with a clumsy boy and a silly one" at a brook, which, after some deliberation, he leapt, and "*nothing happened.*"

In September, 1829, his mother writes—

"I have had such a ridiculous account from Arthur of his sitting up, with three others, all night, to see what it was like! They heartily wished themselves in bed before morning. He also writes of an English copy of verses given to the fifth form,—Brownsover, a village near Rugby, with the Avon flowing through it and the Swift flowing into the Avon, into which Wickliffe's ashes were thrown. So Arthur and some others instantly made a pilgrimage to Brownsover to make discoveries. They were allowed four days, and Arthur's was the best of the thirty in the fifth form, greatly to his astonishment, but, he says, 'Nothing happened, except that I get called Poet now and then, and my study, Poet's Corner.' The master of the form gave another subject for them to write upon in an hour to see if they had each made their own, and Arthur was again head. What good sense there is in giving these kind of subjects to excite interest and inquiry, though few would be so supremely happy as Arthur in making the voyage of discovery. I ought to mention that Arthur was detected with the other boys in an unlawful letting off of squibs, and had 100 lines of Horace to translate!"

The following gleanings from his mother's letters [give, in the absence of other material, glimpses of Arthur Stanley's life during the next few years :—

"February 22, 1830.—Arthur writes me word he has begun mathematics, and does not wonder Archimedes never heard the soldiers come in if he was as much puzzled over a problem as he is."

"June 1, 1830.—We got to Rugby at eight, fetched Arthur, to his great delight and surprise, and had two most comfortable hours with him. There is just a shade more of confidence in his manners which is very becoming. He talked freely and fluently, looked well and happy, and came the next morning at six o'clock with his Greek book and his notebook under his arm."

"June 22, 1830.—There was a letter from Arthur on Monday saying that his verses on Malta had failed in getting the prize. There had been a hard contest between him and another. His poem was the longest and contained the best ideas, but he says 'that is matter of opinion'; the other was the most accurate. There were three masters on each side, and it was some time in being decided. The letter expresses his disappointment (for he had thought he should have it), his vexation (knowing that another hour would have enabled him to look over and probably to correct the fatal faults) so naturally, and then the struggle of his amiable feeling that it would be unkind to the other boy, who had been very much disappointed not to get the Essay, to make any excuses. Altogether it is just as I should wish, and much better than if he had got it."

"July 20, 1830.—Arthur came yesterday. He begins to look like a young man."

"December, 1830.—Arthur has brought home a letter from Mrs. Arnold to say that she could not resist sending me her congratulations on his having received the remarkable distinction of not being examined at all except in extra subjects. Dr. Arnold called him up before masters and school, and said he had done so perfectly well it was useless."

"December 30, 1830.—I was so amused the other day taking up the memorandum books of my two boys. Owen's full of calculations, altitudes, astronomical axioms, &c. Arthur's of Greek idioms, Grecian history, parallels of different historical situations. Owen does Arthur a great deal of good by being so much more attentive and civil; it piques him to be more alert. Charlie profits by both brothers. Arthur examines him in his Latin, and Charlie sits with his arm round his neck, looking with the most profound deference in his face for exposition of Virgil."

"February, 1831.—Charlie writes word from school: 'I am very miserable, not that I want anything, except to be at home.' Arthur does not mind going half so much. He says he does not know why, but all the boys seem fond of him, and he never gets plagued in any way like the others; his study is left untouched, his things unbroke, his books undisturbed. Charlie is so fond of him and deservedly so. You would have been so

pleased one night, when Charlie all of a sudden burst into violent distress at not having finished his French task for the holidays, by Arthur's judicious goodnature in showing him how to help himself, entirely leaving what he was about of his own employment."

"July, 1831.—I am writing in the midst of an academy of art. Just now there are Arthur and Mary drawing and painting at one table; Charlie deep in the study of fishes and hooks, and drawing varieties of both at another; and Catherine with her slate full of houses with thousands of windows. Charlie is fishing mad, and knows how to catch every sort, and just now he informs me that to catch a bream you must go out before breakfast. He is just as fond as ever of Arthur. You would like to see Arthur examine him, which he does so mildly and yet so strictly, explaining everything *so à l'Arnold*."

"July 17, 1831.—I have been busy teaching Arthur to drive, row, and gymnasticise, and he finds himself making progress in the latter; that he can do more as he goes on—a great encouragement always. Imagine Dr. Arnold and one of the other masters gymnasticising in the garden, and sometimes going out leaping—as much a sign of the times as the Chancellor appearing without a wig, and the king with half a coronation."

"ALDERLEY, November 11.—We slept at Rugby on Monday night, had a comfortable evening with Arthur, and next morning breakfasted with Dr. Arnold. What a man he is! He struck me more than before even, with the impression of power,—energy, and singleness of heart, aim, and purpose. He was very indignant at the *Quarterly Review* article on cholera—the surpassing selfishness of it, and spoke *so nobly*—was busy writing a paper to state what cholera is, and what it is not . . . Arthur's veneration for him is beautiful; what good it must do to grow up under such a tree."

"December 22, 1831.—I brought Arthur home on Wednesday from Knutsford. He was classed first in everything but composition, in which he was second, and mathematics, in which he did not do well enough to be classed, nor ill enough to prevent his having the reward of the rest of his works. I can trace the improvement from his having been so much under Dr. Arnold's influence; so many inquiries and ideas are started in his mind which will be the groundwork of future study. . . . Charlie is very happy now in the thought of going to Rugby and being with Arthur, and Arthur has settled all the study and room concerns very well for him. I am going to have a sergeant from Macclesfield to drill them this holidays, to Charlie's great delight, and Arthur's patient endurance. The latter wants it much. It is very hard always to be obliged to urge that which is against the grain. I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur as when I am

teaching him to dance, and urging him to gymnasticise, when I would so much rather be talking to him of his notebooks, &c. He increasingly needs the free use of his powers of mind too as well as of his body. The embarrassments and difficulty of getting out what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very useful for him to have drawbacks in everything."

"May 22, 1832.—We got such a treat on Friday evening in Arthur's parcel of prizes. One copy he had illustrated in answer to my questions, with all his authorities, to show how he came by the various bits of information. In this parcel he sent 'An Ancient Ballad, showing how Harold the King died at Chester,' the result of a diligent collation of old chronicles he and Mary had made together in the winter. Arthur put all the facts together from memory."

"Dec. 26, 1832.—Arthur and Charlie came home on Wednesday. Arthur has not shaken off his first fit of shyness yet. I think he colours more than ever, and hesitates more in bringing out what he has to say. I am at my usual work of teaching him to use his body, and Charlie his mind."

"April 13, 1833.—I never found Arthur more blooming than when we saw him at Rugby on Monday. Mrs. Arnold said she always felt that Arthur had more sympathy with her than any one else, that he understood and appreciated Dr. Arnold's character, and the union of strength and tenderness in it, that Dr. A. said he always felt that Arthur took in his ideas, received all he wished to put into him more in the true spirit and meaning than any boy he had ever met with, and that she always delighted in watching his countenance when Dr. Arnold was preaching."

"July, 1833.—At eight o'clock last night the Arnolds arrived. Dr. Arnold and Arthur behind the carriage, Mrs. Arnold and two children inside, two more with the servant in front, having left the other chaise with his journey,—said Dr. Arnold was just like a boy—jumped up, delighted to be set free,—had talked all the way of the geology of the country, knowing every step of it by heart,—so pleased to see a common, thinking it might do for the people to expatiate on. We talked of the Cambridge philosophers—why he did not go there—he dared not trust himself with its excitement or with society in London. Edward said something of the humility of finding yourself with people so much your superior, and at the same time the elevation of feeling yourself of the same species. He shook his head—"I should feel that in the company of legislators, but not of abstract philosophers." Then Mrs. Arnold went on to say how De Ville had pronounced on his head that he was fond of *facts*, but not of abstractions, and he allowed it was most true; he liked geology, botany, philosophy, only as

they are connected with the history and well-being of the human race. . . . The other chaise came after breakfast. He ordered all into their places with such a gentle decision, and they were all off by ten, having ascertained, I hope, that it was quite worth while to halt here even for so short a time."

It was in November, 1833, that Arthur Stanley went to Oxford to try for the Balliol Scholarship, and gained the first scholarship against thirty competitors. The examination was one especially calculated to show the wide range of Arnold's education. Stanley wrote from Oxford to his family—

"November 26, 1833.—On Monday our examination began at 10 A.M. and lasted to 4 P.M.—a Latin theme, which, as far as four or five revisals could make sure, was without mistakes, and satisfied me pretty well. In the evening we went in from 7 P.M. till 10 and had a Greek chorus to be translated with notes and also turned into Latin verses which I did not do well. On Tuesday from 10 to 1 we had an English theme and a criticism on Virgil which I did pretty well, and Greek verses from 2 to 4—midding, and we are to go in again to-night at 9. I cannot the least say if I am likely to get it. There seem to be three formidable competitors, especially one from Eton.

"Friday, November 29, 7½ P.M.—I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. I finished my examination to-day at 2 o'clock. At 8 to-night the decision takes place, so that my next ½ of an hour will be dreadful. As I do not know how the other schools have done, my hope of success can depend upon nothing, except that I think I have done pretty well, better perhaps from comparing notes than the rest of the Rugby men. Oh, the joy if I do get it! and the disappointment if I do not. And from two of us trying at once, I fear the blow to the school would be dreadful if none of us get it. We had to work the second day as hard as on the first, on the third and fourth not so hard, nor to-day—Horace to turn into English verse, which was good for me; a divinity and mathematical paper, in which I hope my copiousness in the first made up for my scantiness in the second. Last night I dined at Magdalen, which is enough of itself to turn one's head upside down, so very magnificent. . . . I will go on now. We all assembled in the hall and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in to hear the result. Every time the door opened, my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the Dean appeared in his white robes and moved up to the head of the table. He began a long pre-

amble—that they were well satisfied with all, and that those who were disappointed were many in comparison with those who were successful, &c. All this time every one was listening with the most intense eagerness, and I almost bit my lips off till—"The successful candidates are—Mr. Stanley"—I gave a great jump, and there was a half shout amongst the Rugby men. The next was Lonsdale from Eton. The Dean then took me into the chapel where the Master and all the Fellows were, and there I swore that I would not reveal the secrets, disobey the statutes, or dissipate the wealth of the college. I was then made to kneel on the steps and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, 'nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus.' I then wrote my name, and it was finished. We start to-day in a chaise and four for the glory of it. You may think of my joy, the honour of Rugby is saved, and I am a scholar of Balliol!"

Dr. Arnold wrote to Mrs. Stanley—

"I do heartily congratulate you and heartily thank Arthur for the credit and real benefit he has conferred on us. There was a feeling abroad that we could not compete with Eton or the other great schools in the contest for university honours, and I think there was something of this even in the minds of my own pupils, however much they might value my instruction in other respects, and those who wish the school ill for my sake were ready to say that the boys were taught politics and not taught to be scholars. Already has the effect of Arthur's success been felt here in the encouragement which it has given to others to work hard in the hope of treading in his steps, and in the confidence it has given them in my system. And yet, to say the truth, though I do think that with God's blessing I have been useful to your son, yet his success on this occasion is all his own, and a hundred times more gratifying than if it had been gained by my examining. For I have no doubt that he gained his scholarship chiefly by the talent and good sense of his compositions, which are, as you know, very remarkable."

Arthur Stanley remained at Rugby till the following summer, gaining more now, he considered, from Dr. Arnold than at any other time, though his uncle, Augustus Hare, who had been applied to, discouraged his being left at school so long, because "though most boys learn most during their last year, it is when they are all shooting up together, but Arthur must be left a high tree among

shrubs." Of this time are the following letters from Mrs. Stanley—

"February 3, 1834.—I have just lost Arthur, and a great loss he is to me. The latter part of his time at home is always so much the most agreeable, he gets over his reserve so much more. He has been translating and retranslating Cicero for his improvement, and has been deep in Guizot's essay on the Civilisation of Europe, besides being chiefly engaged in a *grand* work, at present a secret, but of which you may perhaps hear more in the course of the spring. I have generally sate with him or he with me, to be ready with criticisms when wanted, and it is delightful to be so immediately and entirely understood—the why and wherefore of an objection seen before it is said. And the mind is so logical, so clear, the taste so pure in all senses, and so accurate. He goes on so quietly and perseveringly as to get through all he intends to get through without the least appearance of bustle or business. He finished his studies at home, I think, with an analysis of the Peninsular battles, trying to understand thereby the *pro* and *con* of a battle."

"May 21, 1834.—I have taken the opportunity of spending Sunday at Rugby. Arthur met us two miles on the road, and almost his first words were how disappointed he was that Dr. Arnold had influenza and would not be able to preach! However I had the compensation of more of his company than under any other circumstances. There were only he and Mrs. Arnold, so that I became more acquainted with both, and altogether it was most interesting. We had the Sunday evening chapter and hymn, and it was very beautiful to see his manner to the little ones, indeed to all. Arthur was quite as happy as I was to have such an uninterrupted bit of Dr. Arnold—he talks more freely to him a great deal than he does at home."

The spring of 1834 had been saddened to the Stanleys by the death of Augustus Hare at Rome; and the decision of his widow—the beloved "Auntie" of Arthur Stanley's childhood—to make Hurstmonceaux her home, led to his being sent, before going to Oxford, for a few months as a pupil to Julius Hare, who was then rector of Hurstmonceaux. Those who remember the enthusiastic character of Julius Hare, his energy in what he undertook, and his vigorous though lengthy elucidation of what he wished to explain, will imagine how he delighted in reopening for Arthur Stanley the stores of classical learn-

ing which had seemed laid aside for ever in the solitude of his Sussex living. "I cannot speak of the blessing it has been to have Arthur so long with you," his mother wrote afterwards. "He says he feels his mind's horizon so enlarged, and that a foundation is laid of interest and affection for Hurstmonceaux, which he will always henceforward consider as 'one of his homes, one of the many places in the world he has to be happy in.' He writes happily from Oxford, but the lectures and sermons there do not go down after the food he has been living on at Hurstmonceaux and Rugby."

In this brief sketch we do not dwell upon Arthur Stanley's happy and successful career at college, upon his many prizes, his honours of every kind,¹ even upon his Newdigate poem of "The Gipsies," which his father heard him deliver in the Sheldonian Theatre, and burst into tears amid the tumult of applause which followed. It may truly be said of him that he "applied his heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom."

In the autumn of 1839, Arthur Stanley was ordained, though full of mental difficulties as to subscription. He was decided by a letter from Arnold, who urged that his own difficulties of the same kind had gradually decreased in importance; that he had long been persuaded that subscription to the letter to any amount of human propositions was impossible, and that the door of ordination was never meant to be closed against all but those whose "dull minds and dull consciences" could see no difficulty. In deciding to remain at Oxford as a tutor at University College, where he had obtained a fellowship, Stanley believed that his ordination vows might be as effectually carried out by making the most of his vocation at college, and endeavouring to influence all who came within his sphere, as by under-

¹ The Ireland Scholarship and a First Class in Classics, 1837; the Chancellor's Latin Prize Essay, 1839; the English Essay, 1840, &c.

taking any parochial cure. To his aunt, who remonstrated, he wrote :—

"February 15, 1840.—I have never properly thanked you for your letters about my ordination, which I assure you however that I have not the less valued, and shall be no less anxious to try, as far as in me lies, to observe. It is perhaps an unfortunate thing for me, though as far as I see unavoidable, that the overwhelming considerations, immediately at the time of Ordination, were not difficulties of practice, but of subscription, and the effect has been that I would always rather look back to what I felt to be my duty before that cloud came on, than to the time itself. Practically, however, I think it will in the end make no difference. The real thing which long ago moved me to wish to go into Orders, and which, had I not gone into Orders, I should have acted on as well as I could without Orders, was the fact that God seemed to have given me gifts more fitting me for Orders, and for that particular line of clerical duty which I have chosen, than for any other. It is perhaps as well to say that until I see a calling to other clerical work, as distinct as that by which I feel called to my present work, I should not think it right to engage in any other; but I hope I shall always feel, though I am afraid I cannot be too constantly reminded, that in whatever work I am engaged now, or hereafter, my great end ought always to be the good of the souls of others, and my great support the good which God will give to my own soul."

Two years before this, in 1837, the Rector of Alderley had been appointed to the Bishopric of Norwich, and had left Cheshire amidst an uncontrollable outburst of grief from the people amongst whom he had lived as a friend and a father for thirty-two years. Henceforward, the scientific pursuits, which had occupied his leisure hours at Alderley, were laid aside in the no-leisure of his devotion to the See with whose interests he now identified his existence. His one object seemed to be to fit himself more completely for dealing with ecclesiastical subjects, by gaining a clearer insight into clerical duties and difficulties, and, though he long found his diocese a bed of thorns,

his kindly spirit, his broad liberality, and all-embracing fatherly sympathy, never failed to leave peace behind them. His employments were changed, but his characteristics were the same; the geniality and simplicity shown in dealing with his clergy, and his candidates for ordination, had the same power of winning hearts which was evinced in his relation to the cottagers at Alderley; and the same dauntless courage which would have been such an advantage in commanding the ship he longed for in his youth, enabled him to face Chartist mobs with composure, and to read unmoved the many party censures which followed such acts as his public recognition in Norwich Cathedral of the worth of Joseph Gurney, the Quaker philanthropist; his appearance on a platform, side by side with the Irish priest, Father Matthew, advocating the same cause; and his enthusiastic friendship for Jenny Lind, who on his invitation made the palace her home during her stay in Norwich.

Most delightful, and very different from the modern building which has partially replaced it, was the old Palace at Norwich. Approached through a stately gateway, and surrounded by lawns and flowers, amid which stood a beautiful ruin—the old house with its broad old-fashioned staircase and vaulted kitchen, its beautiful library looking out to Mousehold and Kett's Castle, its great dining-room hung with pictures of the Nine Muses, its picturesque and curious corners, and its quaint and intricate passages, was indescribably charming. In a little side-garden under the Cathedral, pet pee-wits and a raven were kept, which always came to the dining-room window at breakfast to be fed out of the Bishop's own hand—the only relic of his once beloved ornithological, as occasional happy excursions with a little nephew to Bramerton in search of fossils, were the only trace left of his former geological pursuits.

"I live for my children, and for

them alone I wish to live, unless in God's Providence I can live to His glory," were Bishop Stanley's own words not many months before his death. He followed with longing interest the voyages of his son Owen as Commander in the *Britomart*, and Captain of the *Rattlesnake*, and rejoiced in the successful career of his youngest son Charles. These were perhaps the most naturally congenial to their father, and more of companions to him when at home than any of his other children. But in the last years of his life he was even prouder of his second son Arthur. The wonderful descriptive power and classical knowledge of his (unpublished) letters from Greece, had given his family a foretaste of what the world received twelve years later in *Sinai and Palestine*, and, in 1844, was published that Life of Dr. Arnold (whose funeral sermon he had been selected to preach in 1842), which has translated his character to the world, and given him a wider influence since his death than he ever attained in his life. Perhaps, of all Stanley's books, Arnold's Life is still the one by which he is best known, and this, in his reverent love for his master, to whom he owed the building up of his mind, is as he would have wished it to be.

For twelve years, Arthur Stanley resided at University College, as Fellow and Tutor, undertaking also, in the latter part of the time, the laborious duties of secretary to the University Commission, into which he threw himself with characteristic ardour. In 1845, he was appointed Select Preacher to the University, an office resulting in the publication of those *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age*, in which he especially endeavoured to exhibit the individual human character of the different apostles.

The year 1849 was marked by the death of Bishop Stanley, which occurred during a visit to Brahan Castle in Scotland. Arthur was with him in his last hours, and brought his

mother and sisters back to the desolate Norwich home, where a vast multitude attended the burial of the bishop in the cathedral. "I can give you the facts," wrote one who was present, "but I can give you no notion of how impressive it was, nor how affecting. There were such sobs and tears from the school-children and from the clergy who so loved their dear bishop. A beautiful sunshine lit up everything, shining into the cathedral just at the time. Arthur was quite calm, and looked like an angel, with a sister on each side."

From the time of his father's death, from the time when he first took his seat at family prayers in the purple chair where the venerable white head was accustomed to be seen, Arthur Stanley seemed utterly to throw off all the shyness and embarrassment which had formerly oppressed him, to rouse himself by a great effort, and henceforward to forget his own personality altogether in his position and his work. His social and conversational powers, afterwards so great, increased perceptibly from this time.

It was two days after Mrs. Stanley left Norwich that she received the news of the death of her youngest son Charles in Van Diemen's Land; and a very few months only elapsed before she learnt that her eldest son Owen had only lived to hear of the loss of his father. Henceforward his mother, saddened though not crushed by her triple grief, was more than ever Arthur Stanley's care: he made her the sharer of all his thoughts, the confidante of all his difficulties, all that he wrote was read to her before its publication, and her advice was not only sought but taken. In her new home in London, he made her feel that she had still as much to interest her and give a zest to life as in the happiest days at Alderley and Norwich; most of all he pleased her by showing in the publication of the *Memoir of Bishop Stanley*, in 1850, his thorough inward appreciation of the father with whom his outward inter-

course had been of a less intimate kind than with herself.

In 1851 Arthur Stanley was presented to a canonry at Canterbury, which, though he accepted it with reluctance, proved to be an appointment entirely after his own heart, giving him leisure to write *Sinai and Palestine*, and to complete his *Commentary on the Corinthians*, and leading naturally to the *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, which, of all his books, was perhaps the one which it gave him most pleasure to write. At Canterbury he not only lived amongst the illustrious dead, but he made them rise into new life by the way in which he spoke and wrote of them. Often on the anniversary of Becket's murder, as the fatal hour—five o'clock on a winter's afternoon—drew near, Stanley would marshal his family and friends round the scenes of the event, stopping with thrilling effect at each spot connected with it—"Here the knights came into the cloister—here the monks knocked furiously for refuge in the church"—till, when at length the chapel of the martyrdom was reached, as the last shades of twilight gathered amid the arches, the whole scene became so real, that, with almost more than a thrill of horror, one saw the last moments through one's ears,—the struggle between Fitzurse and the Archbishop, the blow of Tracy, the solemn dignity of the actual death.

Stanley had a real pride in Canterbury. In his own words, he "rejoiced that he was the servant and minister, not of some obscure fugitive establishment, for which no one cares beyond his narrow circle, but of a cathedral whose name commands respect and interest even in the remotest parts of Europe." In his inaugural lectures as professor at Oxford, in speaking of the august trophies of Ecclesiastical History in England, he said, "I need name but one, the most striking and obvious instance, the cradle of English Christianity, the seat of the English

Primacy, *my own proud cathedral*, the metropolitan church of Canterbury."

Those who remember Stanley's happy intercourse with his mother at Canterbury; his friendships in the place, especially with Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, who lived next door, and with whom he had many daily meetings and communications on all subjects; his pleasure in the preparation and publication of his *Canterbury Sermons*; his delightful home under the shadow of the cathedral, connected by the Brick Walk with the cloisters; and his constant work of a most congenial kind, will hardly doubt that in many respects the years spent at Canterbury were the most prosperous of his life. Vividly does the recollection of those who were frequently his guests go back to the afternoons when, his cathedral duties and writing being over, he would rush out to Harbledown, to Patricbourne, or along the dreary Dover road (which he always insisted upon thinking most delightful) to visit his friend Mrs. Gregory, going faster and faster as he talked more enthusiastically, calling up fresh topics out of the wealthy past. Or there were longer excursions to Bozendeane Wood, with its memories of the strange story of the so-called Sir William Courtenay, its blood-stained dingle amid the hazels, its trees riddled with shot, and its wide view over the forest of Blean to the sea, with the Isle of Sheppey breaking the blue waters.

Close behind Stanley's house was the Deanery and its garden, where the venerable Dean Lyall used daily at that time to be seen walking up and down in the sun. Here grew the marvellous old mulberry, to preserve the life of which, when failing, a bullock was effectually killed that the tree might drink in new life from its blood. A huge bough, which had been torn off from this tree, had taken root and had become far more flourishing than its parent. Arthur Stanley called them the Church of Rome and

the Church of England, and gave a lecture about it in the town.

His power of calling up past scenes of history, painting them in words, and throwing his whole heart into them, often enacting them, made travelling with Arthur Stanley delightful. His mother, his sister Mary, his cousin Miss Penrhyn, and his friend Hugh Pearson usually made up the summer party. For several years their tours were confined to France and Germany, Switzerland and Northern Italy. But in 1852 the family went for several months to Italy, seeing its northern and eastern provinces, in those happy days of *vetturino* travelling, as they will never be seen again, studying the story of its old towns, and eventually reaching Rome, which Mrs. Stanley had never seen and which her son had the greatest delight in showing her. It had been decided that when the rest of the party returned to England, he should go on to Egypt, but this plan was changed by circumstances which fortunately enabled him to witness the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. By travelling day and night, he arrived in London the night before the ceremony. Almost immediately afterwards he returned to take leave of his mother at Avignon, before starting with his friend Theodore Walrond and two others on that long and happy tour of which the results have appeared in *Sinai and Palestine*—a book, which without any compromise of its own freedom of thought, has turned all the knowledge of previous travellers to most admirable account.

In 1854 the attention of the family was concentrated on the East, as Mary Stanley escorted a body of nurses to Constantinople, and took charge of the Hospital of Koulalee during the war in the Crimea, gaining much experience at this time, which was afterwards useful in her self-denying labours for the poor in London.

In 1858, Arthur Stanley gave up his happy home at Canterbury, for a canonry at Christ Church, Oxford, attached to the Professorship of

Ecclesiastical History to which he had been appointed two years before. His three "Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History," delivered before his residence, had attracted such audiences as have seldom been seen in the University Theatre, and aroused an enthusiasm which was the greatest encouragement to him in entering upon a course of life so different from that he had left: for he saw how a set of lectures, usually wearisome, could be rendered interesting to all his hearers, how he could make the dry bones live.

Henceforward, for some years, the greater portion of Stanley's days was spent in his pleasant study on the ground floor (in the first house on the left after entering Peckwater from Tom quad); looking upon his little walled garden, with its miniature lawn and apple-trees, between which he was delighted to find that he could make a fountain; attended to by his faithful married butler and house-keeper, concerning whom, when some one remarked disparagingly upon their increasing family, he is recollected characteristically to have exclaimed, "I do not know if they will have many children, but I do know one thing, that, if they have a hundred, I shall never part with Mr. and Mrs. Waters."

Here he was always to be found standing at his desk, tossing off sheet after sheet, the whole floor covered with scraps of papers written or letters received, which, by a habit that nothing could change, he generally tore up and scattered around him. Here were composed those Lectures on the Eastern and afterwards on the Jewish Church, which Stanley's "picturesque sensibility," as Lord Beaconsfield called it, so exactly fitted him to do justice to—Lectures which have done more than anything ever written to make the Bible history a living reality instead of a dead letter, which, while with the freedom which excited such an outcry against Dean Milman, they do not scruple to describe Abraham as a Chal-

dean Sheykh of the desert, Rachel as a Bedouin chief's daughter, and Joseph as the royal officers are exhibited in the Theban sculptures, open such a blaze of sunshine upon those venerable histories, that those who look upon them by the new light, feel as if they had never seen them before.

It was a great pleasure to Stanley in the years of his Oxford life to take up the threads of many old friendships which years of separation had relaxed. He also took advantage of introductions from Rugby, and of the acquaintances made in college by a young cousin residing in his house, to invite many Undergraduates to his canonry, by seeing them again and again to become intimate with them, and in many cases to gain a permanent influence over them. Those he was really at home with, will always retain a delightful recollection of the home-like evenings in his pleasant drawing-room, of his sometimes reading aloud, of his fun and playfulness, and of his talking over his future lectures and getting his younger companions to help him with drawings and plans for them. The Prince of Wales, then an Undergraduate, was frequently at the Canonry, and Stanley had many more visitors from the outside world at Oxford than at Canterbury—Germans, Americans, and the friends he had made during a tour in Russia.

In the early spring of 1862, in fulfilment of a wish which had been expressed by the Prince Consort, Arthur Stanley was desired to accompany the Prince of Wales in his projected tour to the East. In looking forward to this journey he chiefly considered with joy how he might turn the travel to the best account for his royal companion, and how he might open for his service the stores of information which he had laid up during his former Eastern tour. But he combined the duties of cicerone with those of chaplain, and his sermons preached before the Prince of Wales at Tiberias, Nazareth and other holy

sites of sacred history, were afterwards published in a small volume. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," was his constant teaching in Palestine. "It is by thinking of what has been here, by making the most of things we see in order to bring before our minds the things we do not see, that a visit to the Holy Land becomes a really religious lesson." To Stanley's delight, one great event marked the royal tour in the East: the Mosque of Hebron, hitherto inexorably closed, was thrown open to the travellers.

It had not been without many sad and anxious misgivings that Stanley had consented to obey the desire, not command, of his Queen, in being a second time separated from his mother for so long a time and by so great a distance. He never saw her again, yet he was the only one of her children who received her farewell words, and embrace, and blessings. A few days after he was gone she became ill, and on the morning of the 5th of March, in painless unconsciousness, she died. It was as well, perhaps, that the dear absent brother was not there, that he had the interest of a constant duty to rouse him. He returned in June. Terrible indeed is the recollection of the piteous glance he cast towards his mother's vacant corner, and mournfully, to those who were present, did the thought occur, *what* it would have been if she had been there then, especially then, with the thousand things there were to tell her.

Sad indeed were the months which followed, till, in the autumn of 1863, Arthur Stanley was appointed to the Deanery at Westminster, and soon afterwards, sunshine again flowed in upon his life with his marriage, in Westminster Abbey, to Lady Augusta Bruce, fifth daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin.

Of all that his marriage was to Dean Stanley, it is too soon to speak now—of the absolute completeness with which Lady Augusta filled the

position of his wife, of mistress of the Deanery, of leader of every good work in Westminster. "By her supporting love he was comforted for his mother's death, and her character, though cast in another mould, remained to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of earthly experience."

Congenial, as all Stanley's other homes, were the surroundings of the residence under the walls of the Abbey, decorated by much of the old oak furniture, inanimate friends, which had already travelled from Alderley to Norwich, Canterbury, and Oxford. Most delightful was the library at the Deanery, a long room surrounded by bookcases, with a great Gothic window at the end, and a curious picture of Queen Elizabeth let in above the fireplace. Here, all through the mornings, in which visitors, with very rare exceptions, were never admitted, the Dean stood at his desk and scattered his papers as of old, while Lady Augusta employed herself at her writing-table close by. The second and third volume of his *Jewish Church*, his *Address on the Three Irish Churches*, his *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, his *Addresses as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's*, and many articles for the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Nineteenth Century*, *Good Words*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*, flowed from his pen in this room: and lastly his *Christian Institutions*, which seem written chiefly to disabuse people of the fancy of Roman Catholic and High Church divines, that they can discover in the Early Church their own theories concerning the papacy, the hierarchy, and the administration of the sacraments. It was a necessity to Stanley to be always writing something. He often, latterly, returned to the pursuit of his earliest days, and expressed himself in verse, much of which has appeared in this magazine.

More than ever did friends gather around Stanley during his life at the Deanery, as much as ever was he able to enjoy the pleasures of society, grow-

ing every year more full of anecdote, of animation, of interesting recollections. And the visitors whom the Dean and Lady Augusta delighted to receive comprised every class of society, from their royal mistress and her children to great bands of working men, whom it was an especial pleasure to Arthur Stanley to escort over the Abbey himself, picking out and explaining the monuments most interesting to them. Every phase of opinion, every variety of religious belief, above all those who most widely differed from their host, were cordially welcomed in the hospitalities of the Deanery; and the circle which gathered in its drawing-rooms, especially on Sunday evenings after the service in the Abbey, was singularly characteristic and unique. At the same time the spare rooms of the house were ceaselessly filled with a succession of guests, to meet whom the most appropriate parties were always invited, or who were urged by the Dean unrestrainedly to invite their own friends, especially the now aged aunt, his mother's sister, long the survivor, as he expressed it, "of a blessed brotherhood and sisterhood."

Greater, too, than the interest of all his other homes, was that which Stanley found in the Abbey of Westminster—"the royal and national sanctuary which has for centuries enshrined the manifold glories of the kingdom"—of which he was now the natural guardian and care-taker. There are those who have smiled at the eagerness he occasionally displayed to obtain the burial of an illustrious person in the Abbey against all opposition. There are those who have been incapable of understanding his anxiety to guard and keep the Abbey as it had been delivered to him; wisely objecting even to give uniformity to a rudely patched pavement, on account of the picturesqueness and the human interest attached to its variations of colour and surface; delighting in the characteristics of his choir projecting into the nave, like the *coro* of a Spanish

cathedral;¹ carefully, even fiercely, repelling any attempt to show more deference to the existing monuments of one age than of another, each being a portion of history in itself, and each, when once placed there, having become a portion of the history of the Abbey, never to be displaced. The careful collecting and replacing of the fragments of the re-reds of St. Michael's altar, the curious bringing together of tiny fragments of lost screens and altars in the Chapter House, are marks of his tender care for the minutest details of the Abbey, which it was his great object to preserve, to enrich, but never under any false pretext of "restoration" or improvement, to change. How enraptured he was to discover the monogram of Izaak Walton scratched by the angler himself upon the tomb of Isaac Casaubon; how delighted to describe the funeral of Henry V., in which his three chargers were led up to the altar as mourners behind his waxen effigy; how enchanted to make any smallest discovery with regard to those to whom the more obscure monuments are erected, to trace out the whole history of "Jane Lister, dear child," who is buried in the cloisters, and upon whom he preached in one of his sermons to children; how pleased to answer some one who cavilled at the space allotted to the monument of Mrs. Grace Gethin, with the quotations referring to her in Congreve and D'Israeli. One of his last thoughts connected with outside life was the erection of a monument to mark "the common pit" into which the remains

⁻¹ It was painful to those who knew the Dean well to see a letter in the *Times* a few days after his death, urging that the destruction of the choir—the thing of all others he most deprecated—should be carried out as a memorial of him! Those who wish to know what he really desired for his Abbey have only to read the preface to his *Memorials of Westminster*, expressing his anxious suggestion of a cloister for the reception of future monuments, inclosing the Jewel Tower, on the present site of Abingdon Street, to face the Palace of Westminster on one side, and the College Garden on the other.

of the family and friends of the great Protector were thrown at the Restoration.

At Westminster Stanley preached more often than he had ever done before; but two classes of his sermons there will be especially remembered—those on Innocents' Day to children, so particularly congenial to one whose character had always been so essentially that of the "pure in heart," and those on the deaths of illustrious Englishmen, often preached in the Abbey, even when those commemorated were not to repose there. "Charity, Liberality, Toleration," these became more than ever the watchwords of his teaching, of his efforts to inculcate the spirit that would treat all who follow Christ as brothers, by whatever path they might be approaching Him, and by whatever hedges they might be divided. His last utterance in the Abbey, on Saturday, July 9, was on the text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." One of his course of sermons on the Beatitudes. In everything his precept was that of the aged St. John—"Little children, love one another."

The thought of the Abbey recalls the Jerusalem Chamber and the meetings within its walls of the Lower House of Convocation, in which the Dean so frequently spoke, often perhaps in too vehement defence of a cause or a person he thought to be unjustly oppressed, often perhaps incurring the silent censure of many a remote country parsonage by the expression of his opinions, but ever with kindly feelings towards those from whom he differed the most, and who, when they knew him well, seldom failed to love and appreciate him. Through life the exemplification of Christian catholicity in his own person, Stanley could hardly help taking part with those who were attacked, whenever he saw that religious animosity was excited. "Charity suffereth long and is kind" was never

absent from his thoughts, and led him to be ever the champion of the persecuted, of Tractarians in early life, as afterwards of the writers in *Essays and Reviews*, and of Bishop Colenso.

Next to the immediate concerns of his Abbey, was Stanley occupied by the welfare of the poor around him, whom he tried without ceasing to raise, cheer, and enliven, sending many a mental sunbeam into a dismal home by the thought of his annual flower show and its prizes, and taking great personal interest in the neighbouring hospital and its work. In all his efforts for the people of Westminster, the Dean was ably seconded by Lady Augusta. His desire to benefit the working classes was also shared by his elder sister Mary, who, in a direction quite independent of his own, was unceasingly employed in trying to find employment for the poor, to teach them provident habits, and to improve their homes. At one time she undertook the anxiety of a large contract to supply the army with shirts in order to give employment to a great number of poor women. Latterly her wonderful powers of organisation always enabled her to deal with vast numbers, but it had taken long years of personal work amongst the people to acquire her experience, as well as the respect and confidence which contributed so much to the success of her schemes for their good. Of all these, the most important was the Penny Bank, opened once a week in a little court at the back of a house in York Street, Westminster, and managed personally by Miss Stanley for more than twenty-five years; having as many as 1,000 depositors at a time. The undertaking was indescribably laborious, especially during the annual audit week in December, when every single account had to be compared with that in the ledger. In itself, this ledger was a study—the dates for the whole half year on one page (to save turning over), the blotting paper stitched in between each leaf (to save blotting),

for in dealing with such large numbers every instant of time saved was of importance. No less remarkable was the simple but ingenious device by which the visits of her numerous clients were distributed equally over the three hours that she sat at the receipt of custom, so that each should be speedily served, and that there should be no undue crowding at one time. Mary Stanley would invite four or five ladies, before the people arrived, to come and tie up flowers for them in bunches. Many hundreds of nosegays were thus prepared, and it is remembered how anxious she was that they should be *prettily* arranged, for "I want to give my people what is beautiful, and what is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*." Her invariable patience, quickness, and good-humour with the people rendered what would have been impossible to many, comparatively easy to Mary Stanley; but a brave heart was also required, and a friend who thought of starting a similar bank in another part of London, and came to her with all its dangers and difficulties, recalls the energy with which she closed the discussion: "My dear, if you stand counting the difficulties when there is a good work before you, you will never do anything that is worth doing all your life! Only begin, begin, begin, and the difficulties will all disappear." Under other superintendence and in another house the Penny Bank founded by Mary Stanley still flourishes in Westminster, a memorial of her energy, kindness, and wisdom.

Dean Stanley's marriage with the devoted attendant of the Duchess of Kent, whom the Queen honoured with unvaried kindness and friendship, had brought him into constant communication with the Court, to which the outward tie had been drawn closer by his appointment of Deputy Clerk of the Closet, Chaplain to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. He was summoned every year to take part in the services which commemorate

at Frogmore the death of the beloved Prince Consort. It was after representing her royal mistress at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh in the bitter Russian cold of January, 1874, that Lady Augusta Stanley received the chill from which she never recovered. A long interval of hopes and fears, another year of sad forebodings and farewells, and, on Ash Wednesday, 1876, one of the happiest of earthly unions was severed by her death at Westminster.

"The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light."

For five years Arthur Stanley was left to fulfil his appointed task alone. After a time he was full of interest still, his mental activity was as great as ever, and he was always full of work. Sometimes when he was in the society of those whose thoughts met his, some of his old animation and cheerfulness returned; for a few months the kindly welcome and friendship shown to him during a visit to the United States almost seemed to make him happy; and he ever gratefully recognised and reciprocated the loving attention with which his home was cared for by his wife's sister and her cousin, who had been more than a sister. But his friends saw him change more and more every year—his hair became gray, his figure became bent, his voice became feeble; and after the death of his dear sister Mary, in the spring of 1880, had loosened

another of his closest ties to earth, he seemed to be only waiting for a summons which could not be very far off. In speaking of what he would do in the future, he now always said, "If I am still here," and he looked at places as if for the last time.

On Good Friday he preached upon the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." He said he had preached the same sermon in the same pulpit at that season ten years before, and he would like to preach it once again. The way in which he said "once again" sent a thrill of sadness through all who heard it.

On Saturday, July 9, during one of his sermons on the Beatitudes, he was taken ill in the Abbey, and though there were few who believed in danger till within some hours of the end, all through the week which followed he was being led gently and painlessly to the entrance of the dark valley, and, on July 18, just before the Abbey clock struck the hour of midnight, surrounded by almost all those he most loved on earth, his spirit passed away.

In speaking of his dear Westminster, the sense of his last words was, "I have laboured amidst many frailties and with much weakness to make this institution more and more the great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit."

This was the characteristic of his existence; thus, in most loving reverence, should he be remembered.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

CURZOLA.

THE great centre of any journey along the eastern shores of the Hadriatic is of course Spalato; and by the time we have made two or three voyages in these seas, we shall find that there are several ways of reaching and parting from that centre. We speak of course of ways by sea; by land there is but one way, and that way leads only to and from places at no great distance, and it does not lead to or from any in the direction in which we are now bent. By sea the steamer going from Spalato southward takes two courses. One keeps along the mainland, and allows a short view of the little towns of Almissa and Macarska, both nestling by the water's edge at the mountain's foot. Unluckily we can speak of either only from dim and distant remembrances. But Almissa at least has an historical interest. Here Saint Mark was no direct sovereign; his lion, we believe, is nowhere to be seen, a distinction which, along this whole line of coast, Almissa alone shares with greater Ragusa. Was it a commonwealth by itself, cradled on the channel of Brazza like Gersau on the Lake of the Four Cantons? Or was it only the haven of the inland commonwealth of Polizza, which, like Gersau and a crowd of other commonwealths, perished at the hands of their new-born French sister for the unpardonable crime of being old? But far more interesting is the other route of the steamers, that which leads us among the greater islands. Here, as soon as we pass Spalato, as soon as we pass the greatest monument of the dominion of Rome, we find ourselves in a manner within the borders of Hellas. The endless islands along the northern part of the Dalmatian shore are many of them bare and uninhabited rocks; none of them have any history. Some of the

Croatian islands indeed have somewhat of a history; but with these we are not now dealing; the barren archipelago of Zara never could have had any. Things change in this respect when we pass Spalato to the south, and find ourselves among the greater islands. Some of these have indeed a very marked history. We are now within the range of Greek colonization, though of Greek colonization only in its last stage. Issa, now Lissa, Pharos now Lesina—still on Slavonic lips Faro or Hvar—Black Korkyra now Curzola, among the islands, and Epidaurus on the mainland, were all of them undoubted Greek settlements. But the only ones to which we can fix a positive date, Issa and Pharos, were colonized only in the first half of the fourth century, and Dionysios of Syracuse had a hand in their colonization. Still they were Greek cities. Meleda, the long island with hills rising like a comb, can have its claims to be the true place of Saint Paul's shipwreck admitted only on the condition of being shut out from the Hellenic fellowship, even though its barbarians were of a mood which led them to show no little kindness to strangers. In the history of Polybios, Pharos and its Dêmétrios play a considerable part. These islands formed one of the highways by which Rome advanced to the possession of Illyricum, Macedonia, and Greece. Pharos was a Parian colony; the name of Epidaurus at once proclaims its metropolis, and the worship of the heathen god extended to the colony. Of most of these islands something might be found to be said; but we can speak of one only at length. Perhaps it is—in one age it certainly is—of greater historic interest than the rest; at all events it is the easiest theme for observers who have seen the other islands only from

the mainland or from the steamer's deck. We pass then between Brazza and Solta; we skirt Lesina; we look out at Lissa—an unlucky name in our own day, a luckier one in the days of our grandfathers—and we make our first halt for study where a narrow strait divides the mainland, itself all but an island, from the once renowned isle of Curzola.

Curzola—such is its familiar Italian form—is the ancient Black Korkyra, and on Slavonic lips it still keeps the elder name in the shape of *Karkar*. But the sight of ἡ μέλαινα Κόρκυρα suggests a question of the same kind as that which the visitor is driven to ask on his first sight of Montenegro. How does a mass of white limestone come to be called the Black Mountain? Curzola can hardly be called a mass of white limestone; but the first glance shows nothing specially black about it, nothing to make us choose this epithet rather than any other to distinguish this Hadriatic Korkyra from the more famous Korkyra to the south. That some distinguishing epithet is needed is shown by the fact that, not so very long ago, a special correspondent of the *Times* took the whole history of Corfu and transferred it bodily to Curzola. The reason given for the name is the same alike in Curzola and in Montenegro. The blackness both of the island and of the mountain is the blackness of the woods with which they are covered. It is true that the traveller from Cattaro to Tzetinje sees no woods, black or otherwise; but he is told that the name comes from thick woods on the other side of the principality. So he is told that Black Korkyra was called from its thick woods, its distinctive feature as compared with the many bare islands in its neighbourhood. But no black woods are now to be seen in that part of the island which the traveller is most likely to see anything of. There were such, he is told; but they have been cut down on this side, while on the other side they still flourish. As things are now, Curzola is certainly

less bare than most of its fellows; but the impression which it gives us is, of the two, rather that of a green island than of a black one. It is not green in the sense of rich verdure, but such trees as show themselves give it a green look rather than a black one. At any rate the island looks both low and well-covered, as compared with the lofty and rocky mountains of the opposite peninsula of Sabioncello. Island and peninsula are at one point, and that a point close by the town of Curzola, separated by a very narrow strait. And the nearness of the two formed no inconsiderable part of their history. There was a time when Curzola must have been, before all things, a standing menace to Sabioncello, and to the state of which Sabioncello formed an outpost. Sabioncello, the long, narrow, stony, peninsula, all backbone and nothing else, formed part of the dominions of the commonwealth of Ragusa. Curzola was for three centuries and a half a stronghold of that other commonwealth which Ragusa so dreaded that she preferred the Turk as her neighbour. Nowhere does the winged lion meet us more often or more prominently than on the towers and over the gates of Curzola. And no wonder, for Curzola was the choice seat of Venetian power in these waters, her strong arsenal, the place for the building of her galleys. If Aigina was the eyesore of Peiraieus, Curzola must have been yet more truly the eyesore of Sabioncello.

It is only of what must have been the special eyesore of its Ragusan neighbours, of the fortified town of Curzola and of a few points in its near neighbourhood, that we can now speak. Curzola is one of the larger Dalmatian islands; and it is an island of some zoological interest. It is one of the few spots in Europe where the jackal still lingers. Perhaps there is no other such spot; but, as we have heard rumours of other jackals in Epeiros, a decided negative is dangerous. We believe that, according to the best scientific opinion, "lingered" is the right

word. The jackal is not an importation from any other land into Curzola; he is an old inhabitant of Europe, who has kept his ground in Curzola after he has been driven out of other places. But he who gives such time as the steamer allows him in the island to the antiquities of the town of Curzola need cherish no hope or fear of meeting jackals. He might as soon expect to meet with a horse. For, true child of Venice, Curzola knows neither horse nor carriage. Horses and carriages are not prominent features in any of the Dalmatian towns; but they may be seen here and there. Carriages are faintly tolerated within the walls of Ragusa, and we have certainly seen a cart in the street of Zara. But at Curzola such things are as impossible as at Venice itself, though not for the same reason. Curzola does not float upon the waters; it soars above them. The Knidian emigrants chose the site of their town in the true spirit of Greek colonists. It is such another site as the Sicilian Naxos, as the Epidaurus of the Hadriatic, as Zara too and Parenzo, though Zara and Parenzo can lay no claim to a Greek foundation. The town occupies a peninsula, which is joined to the main body of the island by a narrow isthmus. The positive elevation is slight, but the slope close to the water on each side is steep. From the narrow ridge where stands the once cathedral church, the streets run down on each side, narrow and steep, for the most part ascended by steps. The horses of the wave are the only steeds for the men of Black Korkyra, and those steeds they have at all times managed with much skill. The sea-faring habits of the people take off in some measure from the picturesque effect of the place. There is much less to be seen, among men at least, of local costume at Curzola than at other Dalmatian towns. We miss the Morlaechian turbans which become familiar at Spalato; we miss the Montenegrin coats of the brave *Bocchesi*, which fill the streets of Cattaro, not without a meaning. Sea-faring folk are apt to

wear the dress of their calling rather than that of their race, and the island city cannot be made such a centre for a large rural population as the cities on the mainland. But, if the men to be seen at Curzola are less picturesque than the men to be seen at Spalato or Ragusa, their dwellings make up for the lack. Curzola is a perfect specimen of a Venetian town. It is singular how utterly everything earlier than the final Venetian occupation of 1420 has passed away. The Greek colonist has left no sign of himself but the site. Of Roman, of earlier mediæval, times there is nothing to be seen beyond an inscription or two, one of which, a fragment worked into the pavement of one of the steep streets, records the connexion which once was between Curzola and Hungary. With pre-Venetian inscriptions we may class one which is post-Venetian, and which records another form of foreign dominion, one which may be classed with that of Lewis of Anjou as at least better than those which went between them. From 1813 to 1815—a time memorable at Curzola as well as at Cattaro—the island was under English rule, and the time of English rule was looked on as a time of freedom, compared with French rule before or with Austrian rule both before and after. It is not only that an official inscription speaks of the island as “*libertate fruens*” at the moment when the connexion was severed; we believe that we are justified in saying that those two years live in Black-Korkyraian memory as the one time for many ages when the people of Black Korkyra were let alone.

The formerly cathedral church is the only building in the town of Curzola which suggests any thought of its being older than 1420. Documentary evidence is said to be scanty, and to contain no mention of the church earlier than the thirteenth century. In England we should at first sight be tempted to assign the internal arcades to the latter days of the twelfth; but the long retention of earlier forms

which is so characteristic of the architecture of this whole region makes it quite possible that they may be no earlier than Venetian times, to which we must certainly attribute the west front. Setting aside a later addition to the north, which is no improvement, this little *duomo* consists of a nave and aisles of five bays, ending in three round apses. Five bays we say, though on the north side there are only four arches, for the tower occupies one at the west end. The inner arcades and the west doorway are worthy of real study, as contributions to the stock of what is at any rate singular in architecture; indeed a more honourable word might fairly be used. The arcades consist of plain pointed arches rising from columns with richly carved capitals, and, like so many columns of all ages in this region, with tongues of foliage at their bases. Above is a small triforium, a pair of round arches over each bay; above that is a clerestory of what within seem to be square windows, but which outside are found to be broad pointed lancets with their heads cut off. In England or France such a composition as this would certainly, at the first sight of its general effect, be set down as belonging to the time of transition between Romanesque and Gothic, to the days of Richard of Poitou and Philip Augustus. And the proportions are just as good as they would be in England or France; there is not a trace of that love of ungainly sprawling arches which ruins half the so-called Gothic churches of Italy. But, when we look at the capitals, we begin to doubt. They are singularly rich and fine; but they are not rich and fine according to any received pattern. They are eminently not classical; they have nothing more than that faint Corinthian stamp which no floriated capital seems able quite to throw away; but they do not come anything like so near to the original model as the capitals at Canterbury, at Sens, or even at Lisieux. But neither do they approach to any

of the received Romanesque or Byzantine types, nor have they a trace of the freedom of English foliage of days only a little later. They are more like, though still not very much like, our foliage of the fourteenth century; there is a massiveness about them, a kind of cleaving to the shape of the block, which after all has something Byzantine about it. Those on the north side have figures wrought among the foliage; the four responds have the four evangelistic symbols. Here then of course we have the lion of Saint Mark, but only in his place as one of a company of four. Would the devotion of the Most Serene Republic have allowed its patron to occupy anywhere so lowly a place as this? Otherwise the character of the capitals, which extends to the small shafts in the triforium, might tempt us to assign a far later date to these columns and arches than their general effect would suggest. But at all events they are thoroughly mediæval; there is not the faintest trace of *Renaissance* about them.

Outside the church the usual mixed character of the district comes out more strongly. The addition to the north, and the tower worked in, instead of standing detached, go far to spoil what would otherwise be a simple and well-proportioned Italian front. Both the round window—in Dalmatia there must be a round window—and the great doorway, are worthy of notice. The window is not a mere wheel; the diverging lines run off into real tracery, such as we might see in either England or France. The doorway is a curious example of the way in which for a long time in these regions, the square head, the round arch, and the pointed arch, were for some purposes used almost indifferently. The tradition of the square-headed doorway with the arched tympanum over it never died out. We may believe that the mighty gateways and doorways of Diocletian's palace set the general model for all ages. But when the pointed arch came in, the tympanum

might be as well pointed as round. Sometimes the pointed tympanum crowns a thoroughly Roman doorway, and is itself crowned with a square spandril, looking wonderfully like a piece of English Perpendicular. In the west doorway at Curzola things do not go quite to such lengths as this; but they go a good way. The square doorway is crowned by a pointed tympanum, containing the figure of a bishop; over that again is a kind of canopy. This is formed of a round arch, springing from a pair of lions supported on projections such as those which are constantly used, especially at Curzola, for the support of balconies. The lions which in many places would have supported the columns of the doorway would seem, though wingless, to have flown up to this higher post. For here the doorway has nothing to be called columns, nothing but small shafts, twisted and otherwise, continued in the mouldings of the arch. The cornice under the low gable is very rich; the tower is of no great account, except the parapet, and the octagon and cupola which crown it, a rich and graceful piece of work of that better kind of *Renaissance* which we claim as really Romanesque.

In the general view of the town from the sea this tower counts for more than it does when we come close up to it in the nearest approach to a *piazza* which Curzola can boast. It is the crown of the whole mass of buildings rising from the water. We may shut our eyes to a modern fort or two on the hills; the walls of the town itself, where they are left, are picturesque mediæval walls broken by round towers, on some of which the winged lion does not fail to show himself. He presides again over a *loggia* by the sea-shore, one of those buildings with nondescript columns, which may be of any date, which most likely are of very late date, but which, because they are simply straightforward and sensible, are pleasing, whatever may be their date. Here they simply support a wooden roof, without either

crest or entablature. And while we are seated under the lion in the *loggia*, we may look down at another lion in a fragment by the shore, in company with a female half-figure, something of the nature of a siren, Nereid, or mermaid, who seems an odd yoke-fellow for the Evangelist. The lion seems more in his natural place over the gate by which we shall most likely enter the town, a gate of 1643, itself square-headed, but with pointed vaulting within. Its inscription does not fail to commemorate, along with the Venetian Grimani, the Trojan Antenor, as founder of Black Korkyra. To the right hand, curiosity is raised by a series of inscriptions which have been carefully scratched out. About them there are many guesses and many traditions. One cannot help thinking that the deed was more likely to be done by the French than by the Austrian intruder. To scratch out an inscription is a foolish and barbarous act; but it implies an understanding of its meaning and a misapplied kind of vigour, which, of the two bastard eagles, was more likely to flourish under the single-headed one. The double-headed pretender, by the way, though he is seen rather too often in these parts, is seldom wrought in such lasting materials as Saint Mark's lion. So, when the good time comes, the stolen badge of Empire may, at Curzola as at Venice and Verona, pass away and be no more seen, without any destruction of monuments, old or new.

We are now fairly in the town. The best way to see Curzola thoroughly is for the traveller to make his way how he thinks best to the ridge of the hill, and then systematically to visit the steep and narrow streets, going in regular order down one and up another. There is not one which does not contain some bit of domestic architecture which is well worth looking at. But he should first walk along the ridge itself from the gate by the isthmus to the point where the ground begins to slope to the sea opposite Sabioncello.

Hard by the gate is the town-hall, *Obeina*, as it is now marked in the native speech. The mixed style—most likely of the seventeenth century—so characteristic of these parts comes out here in its fulness. Columns and round arches which would satisfy any reasonable Romanesque ideal, support square windows, which are relieved from ugliness by a slight moulding, the dentel—akin to our Romanesque billet—which is seen everywhere. But in a projecting building, which is all of a piece with the rest, columns with nondescript capitals support pointed arches. Opposite the town-hall is one of the smaller churches, most of which are of but little importance. This one bears the name of Saint Michael, and is said to have formerly been dedicated to Orthodox worship. It shows however no sign of such use, unless we are to count the presence of a little cupola over the altar. We pass along the ridge, by a house where the projection for balconies, so abundant everywhere, puts on a specially artistic shape, being wrought into various forms, human and animal. Opposite the cathedral the houses display some characteristic forms of the local style, and we get more fully familiar with them as we plunge into the steep streets, following the regular order which has been already prescribed. Some graceful scrap meets us at every step; the pity is that the streets are so narrow that it needs some straining of the neck to see those windows which are set at all high in the walls. For it is chiefly windows which we light upon; very little care seems to have been bestowed on the doorways. A square or segmental-headed doorway, with no attempt at ornament, was thought quite enough for a house for whose windows the finest work of the style was not deemed too good. Indeed the contrasts are so odd that, in the finest house in Curzola, in one of the streets leading down eastward from the cathedral, a central story for which *magnificent* would not be too strong a word

is placed between these simple doorways below and no less simple square-headed windows above. This is one of the few houses in Curzola where the windows are double or triple divided by shafts. Most of the windows are of a single light, with a pointed anogee, or even a round head, but always, we think, with the eminently Venetian trefoil, and with the jambs treated as a kind of pilaster. With windows of this kind the town of Curzola is thick-set in every quarter. We may be sure that there is nothing older than the Venetian occupation, and that most of the houses are of quite late date, of the sixteenth and even the seventeenth century. The Venetian style clave to mediæval forms of window long after the *Renaissance* had fully set in in everything else. And for an obvious reason; whatever attractions the *Renaissance* might have from any other point of view, in the matter of windows at least it hopelessly failed. In the streets of Curzola therefore we meet with an endless store of windows, but with little else. Yet here and there there are other details. The visitor will certainly be sent to see a door-knocker in a house in one of the streets on the western slope. There Daniel between two lions is represented in fine bronze work. And some Venetian effigies, which would doubtless prove something for local history, may be seen in the same court. Of the houses in Curzola not a few are roofless; not a few have their rich windows blocked; not a few stand open for the visitor to see their simple inside arrangements. The town can still make some show on a day of festival; but it is plain that the wealth and life of Curzola passed away when it ceased to be a Venetian arsenal. And poverty has one incidental advantage; it lets things fall to ruin, but it does not improve or restore.

Two monasteries may be seen within an easy distance of the town. That of Saint Nicolas, approached by a

short walk along the shore to the north-west, makes rather an imposing feature in the general view from the sea; but it is disappointing when we come near. Yet it illustrates some of the local tendencies; a very late building, as it clearly is, it still keeps some traces of earlier ideas. Two equal bodies, each with a pointed barrel-vault, might remind us of some districts of our own island, and, with nothing else that can be called mediæval detail, the round window does not fail to appear. The other monastery, best known as the *Badia*, once a house of Benedictines, afterwards of Franciscans, stands on a separate island, approached by a pleasant sail. The church has not much more to show than the other; but it too illustrates the prevalent mixture of styles which comes out very instructively in the cloister. This bears date 1477, as appears from an inscription over one of its doors. But this doorway is flat-headed and has lost all mediæval

character, while the cloister itself is a graceful design with columns and trefoil arches, which in other lands one would attribute to a much earlier date. The library contains some early printed books and some Greek manuscripts, none seemingly of any great intrinsic value. A manuscript of Dionysios Periegêtês is described as the property of the Korkyraian Nicolas and his friends. (Νικολάου Κερκυραίου καὶ τῶν φίλων.) Did it come from Corfu, or did any citizen of Black Korkyra think it fine to describe himself in this fashion?

On the staircase of the little inn at Curzola is still a print of the taking of the arsenal of Venice by the patriots of 1848. Strange that no Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic official has taken away so speaking a memorial of a deed which those who commemorate it would doubtless be glad to follow.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

WEEDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOGAN, M.P."

It was Friday, the market-day at Galteetown, the hottest and sleepest of August afternoons—the first Friday in August, with all the heat and venom of July in it, but with not a chance of the thunder-showers that drench and cool the fierce temper of the dog-days. It had been a crowded market-day, and though the press of business was now nearly over, the steam and dust that hung about was enough to make one envy the swallows as they soared overhead in the clear sunlight, giving the square of Galteetown a wide berth. The donkeys, of whom there were some hundreds, stood patiently resigned to flies and drought, waiting the leisure of their mistresses, whose white caps were visible in the semi-darkness of the shops as they made their weekly purchases before the start homewards. The sales were nearly all concluded, the hens and ducks had been all transferred from their original owners to the "dealers," in whose crates they were now thrust. Sorely against their will, as testified by their lamentations, the "egg-lers" were busy getting ready their huge packing-cases for the road, sorting ducks' eggs from hens' eggs and ranging each kind in its layer of straw. The fish-cart which came every Friday from Waterford was emptied of its stock of spent cod and hake, and its owner was using all his eloquence to rid himself of a most odorous parcel of salted mackerel at the rate of fourpence per dozen, an abatement of twopence upon their morning price. The rag merchant, who was also a second-hand clothes dealer, had packed and tied up one donkey-load, and smoked lazily as he watched a couple of girls finger the

odd lengths of coloured cottons and stuffs which, with queer old gowns and faded shawls, the cast-offs probably of English peasants, formed his stock-in-trade. The drowsiness begotten of sun heat and long exertion had rather dulled the ardours of commerce, which, in its primitive form of barter, had but a few hours before rivalled in hot intensity the noon-tide fever of the Stock Exchange. The flies buzzed sleepily around the fish-cart, and pestered the unhappy donkeys at their will, for the creatures were too wearied and sleepy to move an ear or tail in protestation. There was a drinking fountain in the middle of the square, a round iron trough—placed unfortunately too high for the accommodation of animals of the four-footed species. This was furnished with a half-dozen faucets, which could be turned on at will, and drinking cups. It was visited almost every minute by the market people, but no one thought of filling a bucket for the poor, patient, gray beasts. It was nearly time to start, half a dozen carts were climbing already the hilly road that led from Galteetown towards the Waterford mountains. Some others were taking their way by the Dublin and Tipperary roads, but the crowd was scarcely diminished. At the first glance it seemed a mere assemblage of people without any appreciable central or rallying point; but a closer inspection showed that near the fountain and in front of the hotel, as the leading public-house of the town was called, was a part of the square where the leading dealers and their customers most resorted. Blaney's fish-cart was always drawn up there, and the pedlars' carts of old clothes and rags.

The tin-ware merchant and the dealer in wicker baskets and dishes were seldom far off, and to the right and left of them stood, as if by right, the ass carts of the most considerable frequenters of the place. It was the hottest spot in the town that afternoon, and the hot sun drew out all the varied odours, salt fish vying among them with the omnipresent turf smoke in which the clothes of the country people seem to be soaked. Blaney's garron had been taken out of the fish-cart and tied to the back of the next cart, which belonged to a Mrs. Roche, a farmer's wife from the mountain district. Mrs. Roche was eating a piece of dry bread. She could very well afford to eat her own butter if she chose, and she did when at home, but it is not wise to be luxurious in public, and that commodity was now, owing to a spell of dry weather, fetching too good a price to be wasted within sight of the neighbours. As she leaned against the wheel of her cart and bit at the tough bread, she was talking to a changing group of women on the other side of the vehicle. The centre figure of this group was a stout woman of about sixty, who had a black shawl folded over her head instead of a white frilled cap like the rest of the women. She also wore silver rimmed spectacles, and it was easy to see from her manner, and the deferential address of the others, that she was a person of some importance. She was in fact the parish priest's housekeeper, the leading gossip of the town, and its great oracle upon all matters of intelligence. Between her head-gear and her dress, which was of thick black stuff, she had a quasi look of some kind of religious. She had on a white apron, but that badge of servitude was twisted up so as to be out of sight. She was busy purchasing fowls for her master, feeling the breast-bones and pinching the thighs of the struggling chickens, and declaiming loudly the while as to their shortcomings.

"You can say what you like, Mrs.

Murphy"—she was talking to an old woman who was standing a little apart from the group. "You can!" repeated the priest's housekeeper, "but your chickens are dear—five shillings for that half-dozen is expensive, ma'am. Mrs. Ready beyand got four good young cocks for half-a-crown this morning that were better fed than yours—much fuller."

"Oh, ma'am," replied Mrs. Murphy, "it is of no use your telling me. I would rather take my little chickens home again—so I would."

"Very well then, for me," returned the housekeeper, letting the chicken fall from her hands without more ado, as she addressed herself to another of the group. "The butter is to be had good at Bowles' shop beyont for ninepence, so I will not trouble you to leave it with me for elevenpence," went on the housekeeper in a tone of dignified irony. Then, dropping her voice discreetly into the frills of a cap close by, "I would not, thin, be the person that would tell the Cliffords, Lawder, the agent, is bringing home his new wife to-night, eh, Mrs. Ahearne?"

"To-night, thin!" echoed Mrs. Ahearne, a stout, red-faced woman of about forty. "And it is to-night! It was this day fortnight they was married! Oh, good God, den—get married on Friday and come home on Friday! Saints be about us, but I would not be in Lawder's shoes when Charley Clifford sees—"

A violent push from a neighbour made her look round suddenly and stop. The fish dealer, Blaney, was harnessing his horse, and a big constabulary man was standing close by, talking to him.

"Lawder is a devil—so he is indeed, my God!" whined a little stooped old woman, whose face between sunburn and wrinkles resembled nothing so much as—a baked potato. "Look at us served with the process to quit come Michaelmas. And it was my boy's grandfather built the house over our heads—dere above

on Sheena Rinkey, and carried de lime up dat mountain on his back dere too. Forty years I am sleeping in dat house now, and I never can sleep in any other house. No! I will die! And dere is my son James comin' home next week, can get no work in England—an' we all to be put out. An' look at me, dat used always to have my own side car to go to mass on, and dat, brought the Heffernans a hundred pounds fortune and two of the finest heifers you ever laid eyes upon, and not to mention a feather-bed that it took four of us to haul into the house. And look at me now, has to be beholden to a neighbour to lift me down on her little ass-cart, or I never could get to the market at all. Oh dear! oh dear! if my good people, the Brophys, could see my state this day!" And she put her apron corner to her eye and cried aloud.

"Is this Mary—Mary—?" said the priest's housekeeper, hesitating for the name. She knew it perfectly well; it was only one of her ways of being dignified, to pretend not to know poor people.

"Mary Brophy is my name, ma'am," answered the little woman through her sobs; "but Heffernan they do be calling me." She had been married to Con Heffernan for forty years, but with the old tribal instinct that yet obtains among the Irish of her class, counted herself among the Brophys still. She half curtsied, as she spoke, with the tears running down her nose, to the priest's housekeeper, who surveyed her coolly through her silver-rimmed spectacles. They were a cast pair of her master's, and fitted the ridge of her nose exactly; if they suited her eyesight as well may be matter of conjecture.

"What did you get for your chickens this day?" asked she.

"Fifteenpence for three, ma'am," replied Mary Heffernan. "I sold them to the bank manager there below, and," dropping her voice, "he's such a naygur he would not give me the eighteenpence."

"Ay, ay, ay," joined all the other white caps in chorus. "That's the way wi' them always."

They knew, as well as the speaker, that the chickens had been offered to the same bank manager at a penny each below market price, for the simple reason that Con Heffernan was endeavouring to get him to renew a bill for thirty pounds for another six months, and his wife thought to propitiate him thus. The thirty pounds had gone to the landlord in part, the other part had bought Indian meal, and a few pounds remained, and would perhaps stave off eviction this time, and the workhouse. There had been two bad years. The married son, with whom they lived, had found but half the usual employment in England, his wife had gone out to service, and, what was worse than of all, there had been hard times in America, and the daughters in New York, on whose earnings the Heffernans mainly depended, had not been able to send home any money. A respite of another six months made sure of—Who could tell what miracle, agricultural or political, might not take place in the time?

"I am told," said Mrs. Ahearne, fixing her eyes on the housekeeper's face, "that Lawder has got four thousand with this new wife of his."

"Four," assented the housekeeper, "it is quite true; but then," she went on, in a bitter, glibing voice, "Lawder, you know, is a strong man himself; he makes up to a thousand a year out of this place, so he does. Not but what he came here bare enough."

A silence fell upon the group; their eyes were all turned upon each other's faces.

"Four thousan'!" repeated Mary Brophy or Heffernan, as blankly as if they had said four millions. It was a sum just as far beyond her calculations.

"Four!" sneered Mrs. Ahearne. "He'll be able to pay down money now, and send off poor Mary Clifford—"

A hand was suddenly laid across her mouth by another member of the group, but not in time. Mrs. Roche, who had been listening while she ate her piece of bread at the back of the ass-cart, suddenly dashed into the group.

"What!" she cried. "*Pay down!* did I hear you say, Mrs. Ahearne? *Pay down!*" she repeated. "Do you know who's spakin' to you—whose presence you're in! My mother was a Clifford. *Pay!*" She raised her voice to a perfect scream of fury. "He'd better bring any money near them! Leaden change we'll have for him! A black curse light upon him and follow him, the ruffian!"

"Amin, amin!" croaked Mary Heffernan, who had not heard more than half she said. "I'll get up in the cart, Mrs. Roche," she said to the neighbour who had brought her to market, "for I am that tired an' w'ary, I am dropping out of my standing."

Lawder, the agent to Lord Galteemore, under whose rule at least one third part of the people assembled in the square of Galteetown lived, was a man about forty years of age; in appearance handsome and attractive looking. He was a self-made man; he had begun life, as his name would indicate, as a Roman Catholic, but being ambitious of social as well as pecuniary advancement, he joined the Protestant Church, and, as soon as he came of age, and could afford the subscription, the Freemasons' society. He had begun life in an attorney's office in Dublin, but being clever and hardworking, soon got into business on his own account. He had acquired some property in the county, and had now held Lord Galteemore's agency for about seven years. When Lawder first came to Galteemore, the chieftain of that ilk was resident in the Castle, a big, square, modern house, situated in a splendid demesne close to the ruins—Cromwellian, of course—of what had been the chief fortification of the town. But this had ceased to be so.

The family had now been away for more than a year, and was likely to remain away still longer. This change in their habits had been brought about by different causes. Lawder's leading characteristic was love of rule. So long as Lord Galteemore was at home, his position was but a secondary one; not that his employer ever interfered or allowed complaint or appeal; but Lawder wanted to rule absolutely—he did virtually; but so long as the earl and countess were there, he felt himself to be overshadowed. He could not understand their liking to spend eight months of the year in such a mountain fortress as Galteetown, and he thought London or Paris infinitely more suitable as permanent places of residence; he would prefer either of them for himself—or thought he would. He had not enjoyed the agency for three months when he made up his mind that it would be better for all parties that Galteemore Castle ceased to be the home of its owners. They ought to live in Portman Square, they could do so very well, her ladyship would like it, and then the agent could reside in the castle, one of the ground-floor rooms could be made into an office. Lawder's own residence and farm was five miles out in the country; and he found it excessively inconvenient to have to keep an office in the town.

Lord Galteemore was by no means a model landlord; but that did not prevent his being popular. He had a pleasant manner, and knew how to talk to the people, in itself a talent, but he had not the slightest scruple in raising the rent where he saw that the land was increased in value. It was not the custom of the estate to grant leases. The tenants all held at will, and the rents had been raised pretty often. Lord Galteemore had been educated from his boyhood in England, and had lived a "stormy youth," as was the family habit, 50 per cent of his income went to pay off mortgages. So, when a couple of threatening letters reached him at his club in London, though

somewhat hurt, he was not particularly surprised. He took the hint and did not return. But it is probable that he would not have acted upon it so promptly had he not determined, on the occasion of his eldest son's coming of age, to break the entail, and, by disposing of a part of the estate, reduce the heavy drain upon his income. He meant to raise his rental all round this coming Michaelmas—not that he intended to exact the increase, not at all; it was a mere nominal thing as would be carefully explained to the tenants. They would all continue at the former rates, but once sold, the purchaser of the property could do as he liked. He had done this once before with a small portion of his estate. Lawder knew nothing of this intention on his noble patron's part; but Galteetown had learned it in some mysterious manner, and the knowledge did not lessen the ill will with which the agent was regarded. It would suit Lord Galteemore admirably to remain away for an indefinite length of time. He was too goodnatured to wish to witness actual hardship, and the increase undoubtedly meant that to some of his mountain tenantry. As for Lawder, it is unlikely that such scruples would trouble him; not, indeed, that he was by any means of an unamiable disposition. On the contrary, he was liberal and off-handed in his dealings, except in business matters. He never passed one of the old applewomen of the town without jerking her a small piece of silver. In fact, he rather cultivated goodwill. Nevertheless, he was despised as an upstart and pretender, and his real sentiments, which were much more aristocratic than those of Lady Galteemore, were well known, and gave great offence to the people. He was a great stickler for class prestige and restrictions; believed all the smaller tenants to be far too well off for their station in life. He could hardly keep his temper when he heard of one of them

"fortuning off" his daughter, and he fully agreed with Lady Galteemore that the common people should not be educated, and that the effect of reading is to make the lower orders discontented. Although Mr. Lawder and the Countess agreed upon these points, there was a considerable difference between them. She had the old grand manner which belongs to real feudalism, and which threatens to disappear with it. She never offended or insulted any one, and though disapproving of the feelings and ways of the people, she either respected, or seemed to respect them. Lawder's very civility was odious to them. How dare that "got-up" give himself airs with his horses and dogs! The country was greatly come down when the gentry suffered that fellow in the hunting-field. His love of coursing, joined to the fact of his possessing some prize greyhounds, in a measure attracted some of the better-class farmers' sons to him; but he was distrusted by the people at large. He had, moreover, but an indifferent reputation, he was married when he came to Galteetown, but had now been a widower for three years. He had one child. His house had been kept for him since his wife's death by an elderly female relation, who had left his roof six months before, on account of "a scandal," the same which the market-women now discussed so angrily in connection with his recent marriage, and which Lawder was likely to expiate bitterly.

The priest's housekeeper bought Mrs. Murphy's chickens at her own price, and despatched her home with them to Chapel House. "I don't care for those Murphies," she observed to a neighbour; "they are terribly impudent. You mind the trick they played here on his reverence when that one got married to Dan Murphy. No! troth I thought it was well known. They had not the pound, only thirteen shillings of it, and his reverence, when he settled to marry them for the pound, would not take less. Dan

Murphy up and told him to wait—he would just step outside and borrow the few shillings; he knew a man in the town would give it to him. What does he do—will you believe me?—but take his reverence's good coat off the hook in the hall and over with it to Looby beyond, and pawn it for seven shillings. Yes, he did, and then came back, and when his reverence had done with them, Dan Murphy hands him the pound and the pawn-ticket of his own good coat."

"That was a cheek!" observed Mrs. Ahearne, with fitting reprobation. Mrs. Roche laughed out loud and long. She came of a good fighting stock,—the Clifford blood was Cromwellian,—and her reverence of the priest's housekeeper was by no means as strong as her enjoyment of the discomfiture of the parish priest, as well as the humour of Mr. Dan Murphy.

"My blessin' to him," said Mary Heffernan, but under her breath, taking her cue from her patroness, as she climbed with difficulty into the cart. She would have said precisely the same thing had she been told that Dan Murphy had been killed by an avenging thunderbolt.

"That Dan Murphy is himself," went on the priest's housekeeper. "The other night him and her had to be separated by the police. He was layin' on to her wid one of the geese—had it be the legs—an' she back at him with her old hen turkey. She made an end of the turkey soon, though. They're horrible people those Murphies!"

"Turkeys is delicate," observed Mrs. Ahearne, as if the unsuitability of that bird as a weapon of defence had suddenly occurred to her. It was the sole thought suggested to her by the housekeeper's anecdote.

"Lawder ought to get rid of *them* now," continued the housekeeper. "But does he ever do what he ought?"

"Four thousan' of a fortune! Laws!" repeated Mrs. Roche, reverting to the popular topic. "I wonder

what sort she'll be. 'Tis a power o' money if the woman's young."

"Young an' goodlooking!" repeated the housekeeper, with the same bitter voice. She did not know whether she spoke truth or not, but it pleased her to pour oil on the flame of popular resentment against Lawder.

"Ah," snarled Mrs. Roche, "it's the likes of him meets in wid luck. Sure, look at him with his hunting horses and his dogs, and his new gig, and look at all the money he airns, doing nothing for it but sit in that office and take the rints, and may be potther with a little writing." Lawder was a hard-working, energetic agent, but Mrs. Roche's conception of work was limited to picking stones off a field, or churning on a hot summer's day. "Good day to yez all," she said suddenly. "Come on,"—this was to her donkey, catching his head and proceeding to drag the cart out of the crowd.

Mary Heffernan, whose brown wrinkled face was flushed with the exertion of getting into the cart, was no sooner settled comfortably on the seat, than she recollected her grievance; and, moved to sudden wrath, shook her fist in the face of the constabulary man as the ass-cart passed him.

"Listen to me, peeler! If I have to leave me little place and cross the say this year—do you hear me—as sure as God made little apples I'll do it on a rope, I will. I'll have Lawder's life."

The constabulary man looked at the little feeble old creature who was threatening him with the energy and venom of a September wasp, and burst into a roar of laughter at the sight. Mrs. Roche, who had just taken her seat beside her, gave her a push with her elbow in friendly warning. Slight as it was, it was sufficient to upset Mrs. Heffernan's equilibrium. She tumbled over backwards into the hay among the parcels, and, overcome by sleep and heat, fell into a peaceful doze.

They had five miles to go before Mrs. Roche and Mrs. Heffernan reached the cross roads where they were to part

company. It was close upon half-past five when they started, and the donkey's pace, homeward though his steps were turned, was deliberate in the extreme. It was not long before his owner was forced to lighten his load by getting out. There was no need to lead the animal, so she trudged along in the deep dust, keeping abreast of his head, and now and again encouraging him with strange-sounding expletives; Mary Heffernan meantime sleeping the sleep of the just. The sun crept down in a yellow blinding glare towards the summit of Keeper on the far side of the valley. The river lay white and glistening with a sheen as of new silver among the trees below them. The heat was still intense, not a breath of air was stirring, but as she wiped the perspiration from her face, Mrs. Roche thought of her oat-field thankfully. The potatoes were nearly ripe in the fields as they trudged by; the blight was visible here and there in patches, and its bodeful smell made itself felt in the air, despite the meadowsweet which shook out its almond scent as they passed, and the innumerable odours of the flowering weeds.

Weeds there were everywhere. Tall thistles loosed and sent abroad countless winged messengers of mischief. Ragweed grew all round them, lifting its brazen head even in the potato ridges, and crowning every ditch; nettles and docks and thistles sprung up, pushing their lusty growth like the indigenous lords of the soil, out into the very highway itself, and dandelions, vetch, and purple loose-strife crowded in their shade. Everything was ripe, the blackberries were already turning, the haws had a bronzed look, and the berries of the mountain ash hung in brilliant clusters, the hue of which was caught and repeated by the poppies among the other dusty weeds at the roadside. The people had all gone home from work, and save the cornerake with its hoarse August voice calling in the fields, or the cooing of the wood-pigeons which

peopled the copses, not a sound broke the stillness.

At last they reached the cross roads, where they were to part company. The instant the cart stopped Mary Heffernan woke up and tumbled herself out upon the road; then she grasped her bag of meal and swung it over her shoulder. "God reward you, Mrs. Roche," she said. "God reward you always, for you are a good woman."

"Good night to you, Mary Heffernan."

"You are a kind woman to me, Mrs. Roche."

"Ah whisht! good night to you," was Mrs. Roche's reply, accompanied by a thump to that portion of the donkey's body which was nearest to her. The cart drove off through the pine-wood, and Mary Heffernan bent her back and faced the hill-road that led to her home. She had a good mile and a half to climb, and after many a stumble and weary halt she found herself at the breen, or little road, that led to her little brown cabin. It was more like the bed of a torrent than a path. Great loose boulders that the winter torrents had hurled upon it, baked white by the sun, now lay half bedded in the dust. The banks at each side showed masses of blue limestone among the ferns and brambles, harebells clustered in the moss, and the fox-glove and poppies were thick among the dusty nettles and the omnipresent rag-weed. Half way up this lane she met her husband, who was waiting there for her. He was a thin, anxious-looking old man, with fine dark eyes, very poorly clad, and seemingly both out of health and spirits.

Mary Heffernan stopped and rested the meal-bag against the dyke side, and wiping the perspiration off her face with her hands began at once—

"I did sell the little chickens—yes; an' there was a power of ducks and chickens in the place. Con," she was fumbling in her pocket as she spoke, "and there is yer bit of tobacka, Limerick Twist it is, for you. Oh, weary on ye for mail—ugh;" she

had hoisted the bag on her back again. "My poor arms are tired; only for that good woman below there, that gives me a lift, sure I might die with all my sins about me on that road. There was not much butter in the market; the mountainy people brought down but little. The place is all burnt up, you see."

Con had lighted his pipe and was trudging stolidly ahead. She followed him as closely as she could, talking all the time. Another might easily have seen from her hurried pouring forth that she had bad news to tell, and was by degrees approaching it as circuitously as possible. This was her habit; but it sometimes happens that the people who in this world least know each other's habits are the husbands and wives who have lived forty years together.

"Mrs. Roche," she continued, scarcely stopping to take breath, "got tenpence for her butter—very sweet butter that red cow of hers do make. Oh dear, Con! but I am weighted wit' this bag."

Con grunted sympathisingly; but never turned his head.

"Mrs. Ahearne have had a letter from her boy Johnny; he send her two pound. She says he is in New York, but the letter it say Brooklyn; those Ahearne never much mind what they do say, anyhow. He have twelve dollars a week in a factory."

"Twelve dollar a week, you tell me!—two pound ten a week!" repeated the old man, turning round. "I wish I had gone to America when I was young. You went to the post-office, Mary?"

"Yes I did, Con; but there is no letter."

They were at the cabin now. A little moss-grown, squat house showed itself. It was built in a hollow below the level of the pathway; a thicket of fir-trees screened it on its west side. The evening sun wrapped these all about in golden mist, and their tall red stems seemed to glow in a sort of hot, dusty blaze. An enormous house-

leek was growing on the roof of the cabin. It was in blossom, and a flame-coloured plume of flowers nodded above the door. A couple of hens, the mother and aunts, no doubt, of the half-dozen chickens she had sold that morning, met their mistress at the door with a hungry clucking. She made an unamiable kick at them, which they eluded upwards, not sideways, and passed in. The little cabin was all but dark. From the *grieshock*, which was as she had left it that morning, she perceived the faintest possible glow. She seized a couple of dry sods from the heap beside the fire, with her fingers removed the grey ashes, and blowing on the mass, soon made a blaze. Then she went to a corner, where the three-legged iron pot had been laid upon its side for the convenience of the feathered inhabitants of the house, whose custom it was to pick it clean, and taking it without to a spring that gurgled into a natural basin a little further up from the house, washed it well, and bringing it back placed it upon the fire, half filled with water.

Con was smoking, seated on a stone before the door; when his pipe was finished, he entered the cabin and sat down on a chair by the fireside. The three-legged pot was boiling by this time, and she was stirring in handfuls of meal. The flickering light of the turf showed the interior in all its poverty. An old dresser, in the boards of which there were great cracks, held a half-dozen plates and three jugs, only one of which was not past its work—a few cups, all of different colours and shapes, hung from nails, and a black tea-pot, with a broken nose, occupied one corner of the shelf, where it had long enjoyed a holiday. The churn was laid away in a corner. It was close on a year since the cow had been sold, and there was no pig.

"What did you get for the chickens?" asked the old man, knocking as he spoke the ashes from his pipe on the hearthstone.

"Four and sixpence for them all. I sold three for fifteen pence, to Darcy it was," she replied, looking up furtively at him.

He had laid his pipe upon the shelf beside him, and was now leaning both hands upon his stick. After a moment's pause, it seemed as if it took some time for him to realise the import of what was said to him, he struck the stick on the floor, "Did he send any word to me?" he asked.

Mary Heffernan stooped her head over the pot and sighed bitterly. This was the fatal item of news which she had kept to the last.

"Said 'twas little use your goin' to him," she replied, in a choked voice, after a pause, during which the bubbling of the porridge seemed unnaturally loud. He said not a word, but looked at her fixedly for an instant then let his head fall upon the hands which rested upon the stick and groaned.

The porridge bubbled and boiled, the fitful flame of the turf by degrees drove out the last lingering reflections of the August evening. It lighted up the bent white head of the old man, and Mary Heffernan's ragged red shawl, with the corner of which she was now and again wiping away the tears which coursed one another down her withered cheeks.

Mrs. Roche had a good couple of miles to travel yet, ere she reached her home after setting down her neighbour. Onward and upward through the odorous shadow of the pinewood, and skirting the rugged breast of Galteemore, the donkey-cart dragged its weary way until the pasture slopes on the further side of the mountain were reached. The road had become so steep that she frequently had to put her hand to the shaft and help the donkey to pull the cart up the uneven dusty path. She made all the speed she could, for it was growing late. The sun was fast vanishing at the back of Keeper—one long, trembling shaft of rich gold colour lingered yet on the mountain-top; but the purple shadows were

stretching upward on its flanks, and the great patches of heather seemed like lamps going out one by one, when at last she reached her village, if village could be called a half dozen moss-grown cabins clustered among the rocks. Her farm lay a little higher up. As she guided the tired donkey into a narrow path which led up to her house, a tall, slim girl jumped down from behind a rock where she had been waiting, and clinging to her skirt and following her as closely as he could, came a chubby, ragged urchin of four, bare-legged and with a head and face burned by the sun to the colour of ripe wheat.

"Mammy! mammy!" he shouted, jumping into the middle of the path in front of the cart.

"Ay," responded mammy, rather hoarsely; "stand out of the way, will ye."

"Where's my sugarstick?" he demanded, beginning to kick and caper in the dust.

Mrs. Roche was tired and cross, and had forgotten the sugarstick in the excitement and hurly-burly; it did not improve her temper to remind her of it, and that she had disappointed the child—her Benjamin.

"Sugarstick!" she shouted, angrily. "How dare ye ask me for sugarstick. Norah, why haven't ye that child in bed? Nothin' will serve ye but sugarstick; wait till I get you, and see the bating I'll give ye!"

He stared at her with wide opened brown eyes for an instant. Then on her making a feint to catch him, he turned and ran as fast as he could up the road. She shook her fist after him. The brown legs scudded off through the dust, and the tangled yellow head never turned to look round.

"Sugarstick, indeed! Ye have that boy destroyed, Norah," grumbled Mrs. Roche, relenting of her humour already. Norah never even looked round. She had taken the bride and was dragging the ass after her up the steep hilly path.

"Weary on ye both, ye torments! I

am dead bet up, I am. Tom!" she called, getting sight of a man who was standing in the yard at the end of the house; "come and take out the beast." He lounged forward obediently; he was a big, goodhumoured-looking man, in his shirt sleeves. His coat was lying on top of the dyke.

There was every sign of plenty and prosperity about, notwithstanding the untidiness; a lean-to cow house, the door of which was open, showed a couple of calves tethered in the stalls. The cows were all in the fields, a large potato patch was behind the house, and side by side with it several acres of oats. A good-sized pool of liquid slush, with an opalescent scum upon its surface, decorated the yard before the cowhouse. A flock of geese, recognising their mistress, advanced out of its tempting precincts to greet her with a noisy clamour. From a ruinous wall, where a row of turkeys were perched, came querulous sounding complaints, and ducks and hens came and went about the threshold. That part of the yard close to the house had once been paved, but was badly in need of repairs. Grass grew everywhere that the passers feet allowed, and a fair number of the window panes were mended with paper. The oat field, of which a broken wall gave a full view, was like a botanical garden, hawkweed topped all the multi-colour weeds, its humble relation, the dandelion, growing faithfully close to it side by side with a red flush of poppies, two or three kinds of thistles and purple vetch, while the margin was kept by meadow sweet and ragweed, all in prime of their bloom, and scenting the air deliciously. No one interfered with them, the children, who had holiday now, and lay about all day in the sun as they chose, dreamed as little of weeding as of sewing or reading. Norah had two bigger sisters who were at a convent school—an expense somewhat unsuited to the family means; but Mrs. Roche had an uncle a priest, and deemed it needful to keep up the respectability of the family by

causing her daughters to learn French and the use of the globes. The boys, of whom there were three, ranging from fifteen down to the four-year-old Mick, held, like their parents, that weeding was no use. No one weeds. The thistle and dandelion, if rooted out in one place, would only be blown on to it again from the neighbours. They held nearly two hundred acres, only eighty of which was good land, and two acres of that at least were wasted in ditches. "That was always so," like the weeds and like sowing the refuse potatoes of a worn-out variety, for the equally valid reason that "every one did it." They kept two horses, chiefly for their amusement, for Roche and his eldest son were fond of attending funerals and races, and a woman servant to cook for and feed the animals.

Inside the house, which was a two-storied plastered edifice, things were much like the poor Heffernan's cabin. There was the same clay floor, the turf burning on the hearthstone—everything was much the same, but there seemed to be more of it, more delf on the dresser, a larger turf fire, and a larger pot swinging by a chain over it. There was, above all, the same smell of turf smoke, of featherbed, of hens, and, in this instance, of sour milk also. A good dozen of holy pictures, yellowed by turf smoke and well fly-speckled, hung round about the room, but there was not the slightest evidence of any real difference between Roche, well-to-do man as he was, and any labourer in the country at ten shillings a week. Mrs. Roche wore a silk dress on Sunday and drove to mass on her "side car." That did not prevent her putting a blazing spark of turf into the churn before setting to make butter, and consulting a wise woman when a cow fell ill, in preference to the veterinary surgeon in Galtee town. Her mother-in-law lived with them; they agreed on the whole fairly well. Mrs. Roche, senior, always held that her daughter-in-law expected too much, seeing the figure of her

fortune. She grumbled over the side car, though she had a seat on the same vehicle every Sunday to last mass, and she grumbled most of all over the expensive schooling of her two granddaughters. The money, in her opinion, would have been far better kept to "fortune them off." She had had "no larning," as she frequently and unnecessarily remarked. She could neither read nor write, and her confessions were a matter of wonder and trouble to the parish priest. She could, however, feed calves and cram turkeys, spin, knit, and make candles, accomplishments of which her daughter-in-law, who had had a smattering of schooling, was destitute. There was not a book in the house, save the children's tattered national school books. Roche read the *Freeman*, which he subscribed for in union with two neighbouring farmers. He was a lazy, good-tempered man, a tenant at will, his rent had been raised twice since he got possession of his farm, and he expected, with some show of reason, for it was still, speaking relatively, low rented, that the process would be repeated, a consideration which did not stimulate him to increased exertion.

Nothing could be more thriftless or untidy than his method of farming, a gap was stopped with a bush, a cart-wheel, or a plough just as his father and grandfather had done before him. He steadfastly ignored all improvements and hated novelties. He had a kind of regard for Lord Galteemore as a noble of the old stock, and hated Lawder. Religious he could hardly be called; he believed that all Protestants were destined for perdition in the next world just as surely as high place and prosperity seemed to be their lot in this; he paid his dues regularly, always alleging that he did so to keep the priest's tongue off him. He was sociable, and not altogether without a grain of sentiment. He remembered and loved the stories of '98; had seen Smith O'Brien, and could repeat from memory one or two of Davis' poems. He was not without

a keen though dumb appreciation of nature, a thing more common than is generally supposed in his class; and he loved of a summer's evening to watch the sunset set forth its beauties in the heavens. But he never saw the hideous squalor of his own daily life. Not that he had not examples of neatness and cleanliness. The habits of centuries are not so easily rooted out, especially when interest and national prejudice combine to preserve them. Lady Galteemore, indeed, made a point whenever she drove her English visitors through the country of explaining to them at length the cause, in her opinion, of this dirt and savagery. It was all the priests' doings. The Pope was at the bottom of it; as if more perfect cleanliness and order could be found than any Irish Roman Catholic convent can show. She forgot, too, as did her listeners, that France and Belgium also profess that despised creed, but she felt bound to explain away what she felt to be a tacit reproach to herself.

Roche was a nationalist of course, and spent more evenings than his wife liked at a tavern of not too good repute at the Cross Roads. What the object of these reunions might be, or the conversations that took place at them, she never knew, though she might guess sometimes; but the worthy farmer invariably returned the worse for liquor, and now and again mysterious deficits occurred in the family "stocking."

Mrs. Roche was met at the house door by her mother-in-law, who was in the act of flattening out a large flour cake into the shape of a wheel between her hands. There was a rolling-pin in the house, but she liked the old-fashioned way.

"But you're late, Mary Ann!" was her salutation. "I began the cake without waitin' on ye longer. Tom is wanting his supper this hour—he's goin' over to the Cross Roads to-night."

A quick, sharp look was exchanged by the two women. "What news

have ye?" went on the elder. "Mrs. Connor was in here on her way home from market. Heffernan's son is to be home next week, she tells me. Can get nothin' to do, they'll have to quit that place surely. Mary Clifford was taken to Cork yesterday to be put off to America."

"Ye have all the news, I see," snapped her daughter-in-law, cutting her short. She, as a Clifford partisan, did not wish to hear her faction run down.

"What word of Lawder and the new wife, eh?" questioned the granny, although she knew as much as her daughter-in-law.

"*There'll be bad work,*" Mrs. Roche observed in a low voice, more to herself than to the granny, who was now laying the cake in the griddle which was ready warm by the fireside.

"Oh," said the old woman, returning to the unwelcome topic, "fain yes! not a Clifford in the market to-day; don't wonder they keep out of sight either, poor people. Lawder's bringing home the new wife to-night; I heard he has got a power of money with her—"

At that instant the servant entered, a red-legged, very fat girl of about twenty, carrying a pail of water. The old woman stopped suddenly. At critical times like the present prudence is necessary.

"Look at that cake a-fire," cried Mrs. Roche suddenly and angrily, diverting all her vexation perforce into that side channel. The granny was so lost in thought that she did not perceive a tiny smoke rising from the centre of the griddle.

"Let it be!" snapped the old woman. "I know how to bake a cake."

"What's this you done to Micky?" said the farmer's voice at the door. He had seated himself on the doorstep, and the little fellow who had been disappointed of his sugar-stick, stood by him with a sulky pout on his grimy face.

"Come here wid ye, tormint," said

the mother. She went to a press, and taking a loaf thence which she had brought home with her from the town, cut him a slice which she spread with dark brown sugar. "I must give him something or he'll say I'm a liar. Say thank you now, and take that puss off you this minute," she said, holding it away from him until he obeyed. He obeyed her and grinned, then carried his prize back to the doorstep. He was a pretty child, the youngest of the brood, and spoilt.

The father winked at him approvingly.

"There ye are now, Mick; and more power to ye, son."

"Are ye going to the Cross Roads to-night?" asked the wife from within, in a complaining voice.

He made her no answer, but began to sing—

"To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there
Says the Shan-van-vogt."

The singing, varied by conversation with Mick, was kept up until the cake was cooked. Mrs. Roche asked no more questions, and the moment the meal was over, the farmer put on his hat and took the road down hill.

It was dark when Roche got out of the breen on to the high road; there was a chill in the air after the fierce heats of the day, and the dew was descending in a thick soft shower. Every blade of grass was loaded already and the harvest moon, seen through the mists that overhung the valley, looked like an enormous copper shield set in the sky. He had advanced about twenty paces, when a voice hailed him out of the darkness—

"Roche, hey—Tom Roche!"

"Charley, were you waiting on me?"

A tall slim figure rose from the hedge-side and approached him.

"I was waiting for ye—who all will be in it to-night?"

"Below at Bruff's? there'll be the

town men and a good few from the neighbourhood. Charley,"—and Roche swung something closer to the younger man—"say nothin', do ye hear me? Fenton and Hynes will both be there, an' I warn ye 'tis dangerous."

"I tell you, Tom," replied he in a dogged undertone, "I'll have no drawing nor casting; 'tis my affair to shoot that —, an' no one shall interfere."

"Whist, ye young fool! That's all well enough, but do you want to be taken, eh? Let the drawing purceed even as usual, and leave the rest to me, and Bruff and Connor. Don't let Hynes or Fenton know anyway, who it is to do the job. We'll settle all that."

"There'll be an after meeting, then?" said Clifford. "All I can say is, before the week is out——" He halted suddenly, and without finishing his sentence took off his hat, and with his hand put back his thick dark hair from his forehead.

Roche stopped also, and glanced at him. He could see that his face was livid in colour, and his eyes seemed to burn under the marked brows.

"Keep quiet, Charley—keep quiet," urged he; "you can have all you want. Where's the good of bringing trouble on yourself? I don't see why not let any of the others take their chance as well as you. Sure they have all a good cause equally with yourself. Look at the Connors to be put out and Heffernans."

"Ah, whist, Roche! what's that to me? Have they the cause I have?"

Roche made no answer, and they held on their way down hill in silence. Before long they reached their destination, a thatched cabin by the roadside. It was a licensed house of entertainment. Peter Bruff, the owner, possessed an unimpeachable character, and had a brother in the constabulary, yet it was currently supposed that no fewer than eight agrarian murders had been planned in the cross roads tavern.

Roche and Charles Clifford were the last arrivals. The shop was thronged with men, many of them farmers' sons,

well-dressed, and well-to-do; some were labourers, or small farmers almost of that class. These had been harvesting all day, for it was the busy time of the year, and could with difficulty keep their eyes open. There were at least fifty present; some of them were smoking, and only that the windows were open, the place would have been intolerable. The place was dimly illumined by a couple of little oil lamps, which added their quota to the evil odours of whisky, tobacco, and turf-smoke which already pervaded the atmosphere, and threw a sinister light upon the crowd.

One man was sitting at a small deal table, engaged in entering in a book the numbers, not the names of those who were present. He was the secretary of the Secret Society. This ceremony over he rose, and taking the slip of paper in his hands, began to call over the numbers; each man answered to his number. Roche and Connor sat down by the table. Clifford hung his head and slouched into a corner. They, with Bruff, the tavern-keeper, and the secretary, who was a shopboy from Galteetown, were the leading spirits of the society.

"Since our last meeting," began the secretary, "the sum of thirty-five shillings has been paid in by number thirty-eight, and in accordance with the new rules, three parts of that sum have been remitted to Dublin. Two new members have been enrolled."

"Ah! whist! curse you!" interpolated Charles Clifford, pushing forward from his recess, "who cares for your rules? mark them read, and come on and let us see that gun you were to bring up."

"Now, Charley Clifford, be easy," said Roche, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and shaking his hand at the young man in warning; "don't interrupt, let business purceed orderly."

"The gun is here, if Puck isn't," said a man, rising to his feet in a far corner. "Who's goin' to take charge of it, I want to know now. I am after spending the best part of the day upon

it, dug it up, begorra, and cleaned it."

He advanced to the table, and laid the gun upon it. It was an Enfield rifle. The stock had been cut in two for facility of packing and carriage, but it had been artistically done, and the ring covered the cut perfectly. It was reeking with grease, which had been liberally plastered on the wood and metal alike. Every eye in the room was fixed upon the gun, as if fascinated. Roche stretched out his hand, and was about to touch it half-timidly, when young Clifford stepped out, rudely pushing him aside, and snatched it up. Every eye in the room was turned upon him at once. He stooped toward the lamp, and the light fell on his face, showing a very handsome boyish countenance; his cheeks and lips were pale under the sunburn, and his dark eyes had a wild sullen look in them.

"Is Puck coming?" asked some one behind.

"I don't know, Fenton," replied the secretary, in a loud voice. "I heard to-day from Blaney that brings the fish from Waterford, that he's off up by way of Charleville."

Puck was the *nom de guerre* of a man who was known to have shot a landlord in Cork, and was suspected, with some good reason, of having fired at another not quite so effectually, about a year after the first offence. He was a good aim too, and it was thought he was making a profession of it. There was a reward of two thousand pounds offered for such information as would lead to his arrest. The money had been accumulating for five years up to the present date, and there was every likelihood of its remaining unclaimed for an indefinite period to come. His wife and family lived at Galteetown, in a lane behind the court-house; he visited them frequently, in broad daylight sometimes, it was said, but it must be allowed that he came and went from one place to another invariably on foot, and that he also invariably chose the shelter of the

ditches and the unfrequented field paths in preference to the highways.

The secretary exchanged a look with Bruff and Roche on hearing the question put by Fenton, whom they knew to be a spy. He must be put on a wrong scent, and without delay. Clifford received with a scowl a warning kick from his friend Roche.

"The rules will be adhered to," replied the secretary, coldly; "draw lots."

"Put in Tom Heffernan's name, he'll be home next week, and won't like to be left out of the job," suggested some thoughtful friend in the background.

At least twenty absent members were at once suggested. The secretary set himself to write out the numbers on slips of paper, and conversation became general.

"Is this true what I heard to-day?" asked a voice with an American twang in it; "be the same token, that he is to revalue the whole estate against next year, when my lord's eldest son is coming of age, to break the entail?"

"I know what that means—revalue for selling"—said Roche, getting up. "Do ye mind how it was fifteen or sixteen years ago with the Gortscreen property, before he sold that, the lord had it all raised? He told the tenants it meant nothing; he'd never ask them for it. He sold it in the Estates Court in Dublin to that Englishman the very same autumn, and raised those rents were then in earnest. Oh, bedad, boys, he must be stopped at that game!"

"Bruff," said the secretary, "will you give me some porter?"

"In a minute," replied the landlord, who was busy serving the other customers.

"Heffernan's son is coming back, ye say, next week," said a young man who had not spoken yet; "can get no work in England at all. The wife is at service down at Captain Crawford's. They are noticed, and so are a couple or more of the mountain people. How the devil can they pay?"

"Pay!" echoed the secretary; "those mountain people are all in debt. Coolan below in the town is to take decrees out against twelve of them next sessions: up to eighty pounds they owe him; and they most of them owe us for seed potatoes, and oats too. What can ye do? Sure they haven't the money, and where are they to get it!"

"You bet, and a man is to be put out if he gets behind; given no time nor chance, but heaved out," remarked the American-sounding voice. Its owner advanced to the front now; he was a young fellow of twenty-eight or so, called Cassidy.

Cassidy had been in America, and was a leading spirit among the young men—a Jacobin to the core; and, as he said of himself, "very advanced." He had all the cant of the advanced school; never spoke of poor people save by the term "proletariate." Capital and labour, solidarity and monopoly, were words for ever in his mouth. He ostentatiously kept away from mass, and inveighed against the "black brigade," "priestly influence," and "sacerdotalism," so bitterly, that had it not been for his Yankee accent he might have been mistaken for a Connaught Souper. The young fellows listened to him as if he spoke with the tongue of an angel. They did not remark, as more than one of the older men did, that their apostle had a remarkably soft white pair of hands. The real secret of his influence with them was, that, over and above his command of language, he was strictly sober; he never tasted whisky; wine he did not despise when it was to be had for nothing. Cassidy was ambitious; he had taught himself shorthand, and meant to be a journalist. He concocted and sent paragraphs to the Press Association; and he knew that he could not afford to destroy his brain with the fiery stuff which the young farmers consumed in such quantities. He had that sort of readiness of speech which unthink-

ing people believe to be in a way the birthright of the Celt. It is a great mistake. The talent for explanation, as some one has defined oratory, is rare enough among the Irish: they can feel and know, both perhaps, passionately, but these thick-tongued, slow-minded creatures are always carried away with gratitude to any one who, while feeling with them, possesses in addition the gift of putting their common thought into articulated form. Cassidy could not only do this, but he had a store of quotations as well. He had read, not without profit, the national poets, and could introduce with effect sundry telling lines from Clarence Mangan, from Moore or Davis, in a way that reminded the older men of the hedge-schools of their youth, and the traditions of culture, now long lost and vanished, of which they had once upon a time a glimpse. Cassidy had an influence which was daily growing. His sobriety was to some a proof of his disinterestedness, while to others it was in itself suspicious. A teetotaller is, in the farming mind, a sort of monster. It was a critical time, and Cassidy saw the advantage it gave him, and was not slow to seize it. Everybody was in debt. Money was not to be got without huge interest. Every one had a grievance, and liked to hear it put into form and talked of. The secretary of the meeting was, as has been said, a shopman in the town, and his master lent money to the country people. He held I. O. U.'s to an enormous amount, and of course his clients were forced to deal at his shop. Bruff, their host, lent money to the neighbours at something like forty per cent. As Cassidy had told them at a previous meeting, their necks were all in the collar together. How affairs were to be improved by murdering Lord Galteemore's agent they never stopped to ask. It was their time-honoured method of protesting against injustice, taking revenge and gratifying the instinct of nationality at the same time, a method at once barbarous and brutal, the out-

come of the mental condition which, in modern times produces Lynch-law and Franc-tireurs, and by which the archetypal murderer may have been influenced. Lawder had been agent for eleven years, and had with impunity raised rents here and there, wherever an improving tenant had built a couple more rooms to his house, that his growing-up daughters might be separated from their brothers, and from the farm servants, or if he observed that they were taking good crops of the land, though it might have been bog when the tenant got it. If a persecuted and broken tenant threw up the farm there was always some one ready to slip in. A farm need never be vacant in a place where there was absolutely no other employment for men or money but farming. It was round and round always; what was the way out of it? There was no law to help them, and as for going before the magistrate with a complaint, why that magistrate was a landlord himself, or the brother or cousin of landlords, which was the same thing in their eyes, or worse.

Now why had not Lawder been shot before this? Because every man's business is no man's work, as the old men would have said. Cassidy would have laid it to the account of a "fatal slavish want of initiation." Now that Charles Clifford had determined to avenge his sister's ruin, everybody came forward with a grievance, calling equally for a bloody revenge. There was a cowardly motive underneath this sudden access of homicidal mania. Lawder must be stopped by some one, and Clifford was the right man to do it, so they were all encouraging him in the undertaking, and stimulating themselves in so doing by recounting their individual grievances.

"Well, takin' one wid another, Lord Galteemore was a fair-goin' man enough. So he was. Never minded if a man divided his bit of land or not. Ye could live under him. I'll say that. He was no persecutor, and he lived in the place and giv' employment."

Connor, although he occupied a leading place in the Society, was anything but advanced in his ideas. He was very hard-working, and paid his rent with punctuality. He was illiterate. Lady Galteemore had a sort of regard for him, owing to the following incident. She met him one day, and after some conversation, asked him if he could read. Connor replied, "No, my lady, I cannot; I cannot, indeed; what use would reading be to me?"

"And gave employment," sneered Cassidy; "but yer the slaves and beggars. 'Stead of thanking him for giving you work, he ought to thank you for doing it. Spiritless hinds; one would think he had a right to buy and sell you like a drove of swine. That day's gone for ever. But you have no spirit of men in you. You let an adventuring carpet-bagger [on a former occasion he had explained the meaning of that imported term] lord it over you here, as if *he*, an attorney's clerk—why, it is no time since he got his name on the solicitors' roll—were Galteemore's better."

"Bad's the best, so," observed Roche.

"Isn't it money into his pocket every time the rent is raised? Eh, answer me that," went on the orator, standing up. "And who is he, and what is he, to stand in authority over us? He is not one of the gentry; and talking of that same, what was Galteemore himself? A mere Cromwellian and a Union lord, with that. A Cromwellian officer. Isn't it the O'Flaherty's lands and the church lands that he got, and weren't the original owners the Irish driven over the mountains into Connaught? The church lands belong to the people, and the O'Flaherty's lands must come back to their owners."

"Ireland for the Irish!" continued Cassidy, whose grandmother was Scotch. "Get rid of English thieves, taxing the world to live in idleness. Look at the money the people are earning in New York, in

California, everywhere in America—taxed and sent over here to pay rents. Heffernan's daughter's in New York paying the rent for the old people ever since they left this. I'd like to put Lawder on Heffernan's farm, and bid him raise a crop on it, and pay the rent, and make a margin to live on. That's the way to talk. Agents and lords, ay, and kings and queens and emperors, I'd just like to set 'em all in a hundred acre lot and let 'em scratch round for a living, make 'em raise Indian corn, and put in a fellow with a good goad to poke 'em up now and again."

"Ay, let them earn an honest living," put in Fenton. He seemed to be the most attentive and appreciative of all Cassidy's forty hearers. Hynes, the other informer, was already half drunk, he had insisted upon treating three or four men who, he fancied, looked coldly at him. Not one of those present cared in the slightest degree what the informers chose to report. Let them tell the resident magistrate or the sub-inspector of the constabulary that so and so had been told off to kill such a one, who was the worse off for that? Could the police prevent it, and when the thing was done, let them prove it if they could. Let them get evidence. Bruff, who was always in a tremor about his license, also gave information to the police now and again, invariably with the connivance and approbation of the society. Though it was not generally suspected by that body at large, this affair was one with which the society had really no business. The heads, Roche, Bruff, Connor, and the secretary chose to bring it under their jurisdiction for the sake of helping Clifford and protecting him. The charges brought against Lawder were all produced purposely, and had been carefully arranged beforehand.

For example, the item of revaluation, Lawder knew nothing of this project of Lord Galteemore's. A footman in the Portman Square house had overheard a private conversation, and had

faithfully written home every word of it to his own people in the town. In the same way it was that Lady Galteemore's sentiments had become well known to the tenantry, "Agitators ought to be hanged; seditious speaking did all the mischief." Her ladyship's sentiments regarding the bonnets and dresses of her tenantry were well known to Galteetown and its environs. But all these evils, rebellion, and aping the fashions, had come from teaching the common people to read and write. When Mrs. Roche heard for the first time this sumptuary law laid down by her landlord's wife, she laughed scornfully, and remarked that people that could pay had a right to wear what they liked. She never wore a bonnet save on Sundays, but she determined that her daughters should wear them daily when they came home from school. And she administered a tremendous flogging to her eldest boy for "miching" from school.

The daughters of the other tenants merely remarked that in America every one dressed alike, and thought in their own minds that her ladyship must be behind the time. Their own servants, for as a matter of course they had servants, gave the same reason to their mistress for wearing no caps or *praseens*. In America, that land of promise, there was neither ma'am nor miss, and caps and aprons were never asked for. Probably this fact was to them quite as great an attractive force thitherward as the prepaid passage and promised high wages.

"The papers are ready," announced the secretary. He swept as he spoke a pile of cut and folded papers into a hat, each paper had a number written upon it.

After every man had taken one, Roche was deputed to draw for the absent numbers, and after a moment announced that he had drawn the fatal lot, with the red cross to it, number sixty-two. It was Heffernan's. Clifford rested his elbow on his knee and

covered his face with his hand. A great sigh of relief seemed to agitate the air, and after that yawning became general.

"He'll be here on Monday or Tuesday," said Roche, standing up. "Now, boys, this day week if ye don't get word to the contrary, and there'll be news for you. Go home now, boys, and Go' bless ye."

There was a hint in this valediction which the initiated all understood. Cassidy got up and stretched his legs. "Give me another bottle of ginger-beer," he said to the landlord. "Jemmy Hynes," this was to the man whom they suspected of being a spy, "don't start for one minute, and I'll be with you down the hill. Larry and O'Hea, hold on for us"—this meant really come along with us—"George and Mick wait for the rest of us."

The *ruse* succeeded. The suspected parties went off unwillingly under a strong escort, Cassidy brought up the rear, singing with a mellow baritone that had a mocking echo in it—

"Though sweet are our friendships,
Our hopes, our affections;
Revenge on a tyrant is sweeter than all."

"Ay," growled Fenton; "bring the patrol on us, do."

Bruff held the door open, and watched them down the hill. The echoes of the voice died away in the distance, and the heavy feet of the weary men made but little sound in the dust.

"Now," said Connor, when the door was once more shut, "that's done, Charley. There'll be no meeting here this night week."

"There's the packet of cartridges, Clifford," said the secretary, hurriedly. Let me run after the boys, it's safest; and there's an oilskin cover I got for the gun, too. I'm off now, boys. Good-night to ye!"

He handed over a parcel of cartridges, and a gun-case of dark oiled leather; and then took to his heels and ran as fast as he could after the men who had gone out.

"Charley," said Bruff, "this night

week the confessions for men will be heard at Gortscreen chapel. Lawder comes out to smoke every night after his dinner in the garden at the back. You know the ditch that runs between the end of the garden and the potato-field, eh? right in the middle of it is a good open up to the hall-door. Every night regular he comes out with his cigar—Judy, my cousin, is at service there—and he never does it later than a quarter to seven. Well, if you can make your dart to the river, you know the ford there, where we were gettin' eels in the autumn, not twenty yards from where you come out of the Long Meadow, ay? well, pelt straight up-hill; once ye get over, and there'll be twenty of us to say ye war at your duty. What need you care? you'll meet no one but friends."

"Ay," said Roche; "I know the sunk fence at the foot of the garden has a good cover to it, and evergreens between you and the windows. 'Tis seven mile of a run to the chapel, Charley; and mind," with a significant look to a bottle standing near, "don't touch that. If you look out at the ford there'll be a man waitin' for you there, with something to help to carry you up the hill."

Clifford, grasping the gun in both his hands, listened to them in silence; he was taking in every word with grim attention. The lamps had gone out, and one dip candle barely made the darkness visible; the air of the room was indescribably fetid; Roche was half tipsy, and was filling himself out whisky from a bottle.

"Don't be seen wid that gun," said Roche, suddenly, nodding at it.

"What will I do with it?" burst out Clifford, angrily.

"Leave it here wid me," said Bruff, "case and all; you may keep the cartridges. I'll hide it in the dry ditch against you want it."

"If you fail me with that now," said Clifford, distrustfully, loosing his grasp of the gun.

"No fears," returned Bruff. He mounted a chair, and thrust the gun

into the thatch behind a rafter. "Now," he said, apostrophising the weapon, "lie there till you're wanted."

"Augh, musha," sighed Connor, regretfully, "I wished we were done wid it."

"Done wid it!" echoed Bruff. "Sure, as Cassidy says, what way is there to stop them but the one? Frighten them from persecutin' an' harassin'. What do they care about us? Not a curse but take our money."

"Ay so," assented Roche, with a semi-drunken nod, "thru for you."

"Well then," said Connor, "I don't half care for that fellow Cassidy; he has too much to say altogether."

"Arra! what would he work for?" demanded Bruff. "Doesn't he make it off writin', don't he be sending them paragraphs to the newspapers? Look at him, got thirty shilling for a few little bits of writin' he was no time over."

"Did you see that?" demanded Connor, sceptically.

"I did; seen him cash the cheque at the bank. There's for you."

Connor scratched his five days' growth of red beard for a while meditatively.

"Education is a great thing surely," he observed, with a sort of wonder. And from that day forward he distrusted Cassidy more than ever.

A little before five in the afternoon of the day chosen—to wit, the Friday following the meeting at the cross-roads tavern—Charles Clifford, dressed in a dark brown tweed suit, walked leisurely down the high road which bordered the farm attached to Carna House, as Lawder's residence was called.

On reaching a clump of limes and chestnuts which marked a gap by the road, he left the footpath and crossed a couple of meadows—taking care to keep in the shelter of the hedges. About twenty minutes' walking brought him to the boundary ditch of the potato field. He looked over cautiously, to see if any one from the house might

be there. The potatoes were ripe, and the digging was to be begun on Monday. Clifford unconsciously repeated to himself that piece of intelligence, which had been made known to him by an old woman whom he had met on the road that morning. Lawder had offered her picking at eightpence a day. Clifford repeated the old woman's words as he looked over at the field. It was a large field and a splendid crop; the red head of a poppy showed here and there in the blue-gray mass, brown and scarlet butterflies fluttered over it, and the crows were busy in the ridges. Keeping well behind a bush of alder he could see the yellow front of the house. It was a big old ivy-grown house, square-fronted and plastered yellow, with innumerable square-topped windows, staring like eyes set in a wall, wherever the ivy allowed them to be seen. The roof was low, and the small slates were all set in white plaster. Huge overgrown Portugal laurels grew at the sides of the house and hid the out-offices. A stable-door, half of which was open, showed among these. A gravelled drive ran round the house and formed a sweep before the porch, which was overhung by a luxuriant if untidy growth of yellow roses and jessamine. The garden stretched down in terraces to the edge of the potato-field. Some former owner had planned it in the Italian style. The stone balustrade that had marked the steps was broken, and had tumbled off completely at one side, taking with it in its fall the little climbing rose that had overgrown it. One of the two cypresses that stood at the top of the terrace was dead, the shrivelled brown of the withered tree contrasting oddly with the glossy dark green of its companion.

Lawder counted upon moving shortly, so did not take much trouble with the place. The open hall-door gave a view of the hall. New stair-carpet were looked down upon by a battered balustrade of which the paint was

all worn off. Every window had fresh clean, lace curtains, but the white blinds were tattered. And in the garden it was the same: among the geraniums and asters there was no lack of groundsel and couch-grass.

It was a sultry afternoon; all the windows were open, and the hot air was full of the buzzing of the wasps and flies. For a good quarter of an hour Clifford crouched watching the terrace and the windows. Then he heard the workmen's bell ring six o'clock from the yard—a cracked, hideous sounding tocsin; a gate clanged to, the sound reached him faintly, and the barking of the yard dog disturbed by it. Was it Lawder coming home or the men going away? He set his teeth and watched the terrace fixedly for some minutes; no one appeared. The master of the house had perhaps entered it from the back. Clifford could remain quiet no longer, he lay flat on his face and crawled round the exposed angle of the two fields, and, once on the right side, let himself roll into the ditch.

On his hands and knees, heedless of the nettles and thistles which stung him as he crawled past, of the slugs and frogs which he disturbed in the dank recesses of the ditch, or the brambles which held his clothes and stayed him perforce, Clifford made his way along the side ditch, and ere long was lying, on his back, breathless and gasping, among the fern and harebells in the deep gully that separated the terrace garden from the potato-field. He was not long about finding the gun, a layer of withered fern fronds caught his eye at once, he put his hand into the rabbit hole, which had been considerably enlarged, and pulled out the oiled leather case. He put the gun together in an instant—it was perfectly dry—loaded it, and laid it beside him in the ditch to wait his quarry's appearance. He looked at his watch, it was twenty minutes past six; he had, according to his instructions, over half an hour to wait.

Then, and not until that moment,

had he time to observe that he was in a terrible heat; the drops were rolling from his face, and his thick hair was all wet. He took out his handkerchief and rubbed his forehead dry, then he turned over on his face, and, resting his head on his arms, remained immovable for a good while. Suddenly he jumped up, and leaving the gun still on the ground, he ran crouching to a place where there was a tree, which formed a screen between him and the house. Then he stood upright; the top of the sunk fence was about level with his breast. Very slowly he put aside a branch cautiously and peered through. He had a full view of the dining-room windows, but he could not see from the low level at which he was, into the room. Once he saw a white cap pass; it was the head of one of the female servants. He watched eagerly, scarcely breathing, and holding the branch tight as in a vice. After a while some one came to one of the windows. The blind was down nearly to the bottom panes. Clifford saw, in the space between, a white mass; gradually, and with uneven jerks, the blind was drawn up, and he could see a female figure, clad in a white dress. He watched her keenly. A tall slim figure appeared; a bunch of red roses was in her girdle. It was Lawder's wife. Clifford glared at her furiously. She turned her head to speak. She was young and pretty, fair-haired he could see, too. She tried to raise the sash of the window. In an instant Lawder was beside her, stooped and lifted it with a touch.

A curse burst from Clifford's lips; if he had had the gun in his hands then he would have shot both. They disappeared, and he let go the branch and fell back into the ditch, gnashing his teeth with fury. He got up again after a while and resumed his watch. He was intensely thirsty; his very tongue felt dry in his mouth, and his eyes were sore and strained. The time seemed to pass unnaturally slowly. He strove to catch some

sound from the house, but in vain. The whirr of a cricket in the dry grass, the scream of the swallows coming and going to their nests in the eaves, the buzz of the bees in the flower-beds or the lavender hedge—he could hear them all, and they seemed strangely loud and distinct. Once the breeze that had risen with the advent of the evening shook the leaves of a great sycamore near at hand with a rustle so loud and sudden, that he threw himself face downwards in the ditch. He got up a moment afterwards, and without again looking towards the house, stooped and moved back to where he had left the gun. There was a rhododendron and a clump of cabbage roses, all run to suckers and long brown stumps, close to the edge of the gully. It was barely a cover, but he raised his head cautiously and looked up once again over the edge.

There was Lawder, standing at the hall door. He was a fine-looking man, over six feet in height, black-haired, and with a thick black beard. He wore a light-coloured, close-fitting shooting suit, which showed his brawny figure to advantage. He was in the act of lighting a cigar. To lift the gun from the ground at his feet, and run the barrel through the tangle of the bushes was the work of a second. Clifford had taken aim; his finger was actually pressing the trigger, when the little boy ran out of the house after his father, and clinging to his leg asked some childish favour. It was a terrible moment, he shut his eyes, loosed his hold of the gun, groaning with mingled rage and anguish. Great drops rolled down his face, he could hear the tone distinctly, and the "Yes—yes, run and tell her," with which Lawder replied, laying his hand as he spoke on the little yellow head. The child went back into the house, Lawder took his cigar between his teeth, and had just stepped down without the porch, when the shot of a gun burst upon the air. Lawder sprang upward with a smo-

thered cry, and fell upon his face, his body stretched upon his own threshold.

In less time than it takes to tell it Clifford had flung the rifle behind him and was running as fast as the wind along the gully. He crept through a hole in the next ditch, and then, as there was a thick tall hedge between him and the house, crossed the middle of the next field at a tearing rate. Down hill all the way to the river he dashed along, keeping close to the hedgerows, through brambles and furze and nettles until his hands and legs were bleeding and his clothes torn. The two and a half miles from Cara to the river were soon accomplished, and at last the broad expanse of the Suir lay before him. He glanced round cautiously before he left the shelter of the bank; not a creature was in sight; a cow drinking close by turned tail and ran off affrighted at his apparition. He jumped down and ran along the bank to where the tracks indicated the ford. First taking off his boots, which he was careful to keep dry, he plunged in. The water was breast deep; he stooped his head and drank eagerly and deeply, splashing up water on his head and rubbing off the blood-stains the thorns had left on his hands. He was soon across, and, refreshed and cooled, swung himself up the bank. He sat down for a breathless instant to pull on his boots. A man suddenly stepped from behind an ash tree and looked fixedly at him. Clifford replied to the look by a nod, and then cursed at him furiously, with almost hysterical rage. It was Mary Heffernan's son.

"You've plenty of time," said the man; "here." He handed Clifford a bottle containing whisky; he almost drained it, and flung the bottle into the grass. Heffernan caught it up in time to prevent the contents all running out, and laughed.

"Keep close to the bushes, Charley, and get into the chapel from the back of the priest's house; they're all waitin' for ye."

"I know that, damn you! Get out of my road, you fool! Are you going to stop there and be seen?"

"No; fear," returned Heffernan, leisurely. "Go on, man. Why, to look at you, one would think ye were frightened!"

Clifford was foaming at the mouth and trembling with rage and excitement; he raised his arm as if to strike as he again set off up the field like a madman.

James Heffernan put the bottle, which was a small one, in his pocket, and then went and examined the bank where Clifford had climbed over; there was no trace of his feet, not a pebble or blade of grass was disturbed, and the water that had dripped from his clothes had all run off among the rank grass and docks. Five miles of a run that hot evening would dry his clothes, and if they were wet, who was there that would notice them?

The sun had set in an angry blaze, and the bats were flitting in the shadows of the churchyard, when Clifford, breathless and exhausted, walked into the parish church of Gortscreen. There were about a dozen men there, kneeling in different parts of the church. It was perfectly still, and growing dark. The crimson glow of the little sanctuary lamp that swung

before the altar was just perceptible in the semi-gloom. The parish priest was in his confessional, and a hoarse mutter seemed to sound from it through the place. Clifford felt a sudden chill seize him as he entered and walked up the aisle and knelt for an instant at the altar-rail. Every eye in the church followed and watched him as he went, and meaning looks passed from one to the other. He remained there for a moment; his parched lips moved, but convulsively; then with a great effort he seized the altar railing and raised himself with its help, tottered down the aisle again, and half fell, half knelt, beside a pillar, where he remained in a kind of torpor for hours, until they took him away.

* * * * *

Heffernan was arrested on suspicion, the ostensible reason being that his people were known to entertain ill-will to the agent; but Heffernan's interests had been taken care of in the matter of an *alibi* just as effectually as Clifford's. Clifford was arrested after Heffernan had accounted for himself and had been discharged; but overwhelming *alibis* were forthcoming for him, and the reward of five hundred pounds was added to the accumulations of blood-money in Dublin Castle.

M. LAFFAN.